

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

L O N D O N

PRINTED BY T SPILSBURY AND SON,

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J RIVINGTON AND SONS, T PAYNE AND
SONS, L. DAVIS, B WHITE AND SON, T LONGMAN, B LAW,
J. DODSLEY, H BALDWIN, J ROBSON, C. DILLY, T CADELL,
J NICHOLS, J JOHNSON, G G J. AND R ROBINSON,
R BALDWIN, H. L GARDNER, P ELMSEY, T EVANS,
G NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHERY, J BEW, N. CONANT,
J MURRAY, J SEWELL, W COLLESMITH, W RICHARDSON,
T VERNOR, W LOWNDEN, W BENT, W OTRIDGE, T AND
J ECERTON, S HAYES, R FAULDER, J EDWARDS, G AND
F WILKIE, W NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD
AND WHITAKER, W FOX, C STALKER, E NEWBURY 1798

THE
FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
SWIFT AND BROOME.

VOL. XLIV

2

THE
P O E M S
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. XLIV.

B

ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT *

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in
 ROCHEFOUCAULT, " Dans l'adversité de nos
 " meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque
 " chose qui ne nous déplaît pas

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something
 " that doth not displease us "

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him, the fault is in mankind
 This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast
 " In all distresses of our friends,
 " We first consult our private ends,
 " While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 " Points out some circumstance to please us " 10
 If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.
 We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equals rais'd above our size

* Written in November, 1731 — There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preferred. N

Who would not at a crowded show 15
 Stand high himself, keep others low ?
 I love my friend as well as you
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post,
 Suppose it but an inch at most 20
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion killed, or trophy won,
 Rather than thus be over-topt, 25
 Would you not with his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Laid rack'd with pain, and you without
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own ! 30
 What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell ?
 Her end when emulation miffes, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and huffs
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side
 Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ? 40
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have

I have no title to aspire; 45
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six; 50
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose; 60
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents Heaven hath blest 'em, 65
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst. 70

Thus much may serve by way of poem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die;

When, I foresee, my special friends 75
 Will try to find their private ends
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak
 " See how the Dean begins to break ! 80
 " Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
 " You plainly find it in his face
 " That old vertigo in his head
 " Will never leave him, till he 's dead
 " Besides, his memory decays 85
 " He recollects not what he says,
 " He cannot call his friends to mind,
 " Forgets the place where last he din'd ;
 " Plies you with stories o'er and o'er,
 " He told them fifty times before 90
 " How does his fancy, we can fit
 " To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 " But he takes up with younger folks,
 " Who for his wine will bear his jokes
 " Faith ! he must make his stories shorter, 95
 " Or change his comrades once a quarter
 " In half the time he talks them round,
 " There must another set be found
 " For poetry, he's past his prime
 " He takes an hour to find a rhyme ; 100
 " His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 " His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 " I 'd have him throw away his pen,—
 " But there 's no talking to some men ! "

And

And then their tenderneſs appears 105
 By adding largely to my years
 " He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
 " And well remembers Charles the Second
 " He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
 " And that, I doubt, is no good ſign 110
 " His ſtomach too begins to fail
 " Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale,
 " But now he 's quite another thing
 " I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
 They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus 115
 " It is not yet ſo bad with us!"

In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears expreſs their hopes
 Some great miſfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend 120
 With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
 The merit of a lucky gueſs
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
 And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")
 Would pleaſe them better, than to tell, 125
 That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well "
 Then he who prophesy'd the beſt,
 Approves his foreſight to the reſt
 " You know I always fear'd the worſt,
 " And often told you ſo at firſt " 130
 He 'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
 Than his predictions prove a lye
 Not one foretells I ſhall recover,
 But all agree to give me over

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send!
 What hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept,
 What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the invelers round my bed
 My good companions, never fear,
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast, 145
 They must be verify'd at last
 Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive"
 Now the departing prayer is read,
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead. 150
 Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare!"
 "What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 "I know no more than what the news is, 155
 "'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses
 "To public uses! there's a whim!"
 "What had the public done for him?"
 "Mere envy, avarice, and pride
 "He gave it all—but first he dy'd 160
 "And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 "No worthy friend, no poor relation?"
 "So ready to do strangers good,
 "Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now

Now Grub-freet wits are all employ'd; 165
 With elegies the town is cloy'd
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To *curse* the Dean, or *blefs* the Drapier

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame 170
 " We must confess, his case was nice;
 " But he would never take advice.
 " Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 " He might have liv'd these twenty years
 " For, when we open'd him, we found 175
 " That all his vital parts were found "

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, " The Dean is dead "
 And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen 180
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he should.
 " He's dead, you say, then let him rot
 " I'm glad the *medals*† were forgot
 " I promis'd him, I own, but when ? 185
 " I only was the Princess then
 " But now, as consort of the King,
 " You know, 'tis quite another thing "

* M^{rs} Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean N.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small
 present he had sent to the Princess N.

Now

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy 190
 " Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,"
 Cries Bob, " I 'm sorry for the news
 " Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 " And in his place my good friend Will'
 " Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 " Provided Bolingbroke were dead !"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains'
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. 200
 He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters,
 Revive the libels born to die
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent 205
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day

St John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I 'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies
 For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt'
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear, 220
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
 They mourn for me without dissembling

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps

" The Dean is dead (Pray what is trumps?)

" Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !

" (Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole) 230

" Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall

" (I wish I knew what king to call)

" Madam, your husband will attend

" The funeral of so good a friend

" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight, 235

" And he 's engag'd to-morrow night .

" My Lady Club will take it ill,

" If he should fail her at quadrille

" He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)

" But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240

" His time was come, he ran his race,

" We hope he 's in a better place "

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?

No loss more easy to supply

One year is past, a different scene ! 245

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where 's

Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
 Departed —*and his works must follow*, 250
 Must undergo the common fate,
 His kind of wit is out of date

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name," 255
 "He dy'd a year ago"—"The same"
 He searches all the shop in vain

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane
 "I sent them, with a load of books,
 "Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's" 260
 "To fancy they could live a year!"

"I find you 're but a stranger here
 "The Dean was famous in his time,
 "And had a kind of knack at rhyme
 "His way of writing now is past" 265

"The town has got a better taste
 "I keep no antiquated stuff,
 "But spick and span I have enough"
 "Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em

"Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem" 270
 "This ode you never yet have seen,
 "By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen

"Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
 "Against the Craftsman and his friend
 "It clearly shews that all reflection" 275

"On ministers is disaffection
 "Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
 "And Mr Henley's last oration.

"The

- “ The hawkers have not got them yet
 “ Your Honour please to buy a set? 280
 “ Here ’s Woflon’s tracts, the twelfth edition,
 “ ’Tis read by every politician
 “ The county-members, when in town,
 “ To all their boroughs send them down
 “ You never met a thing so smart, 285
 “ The courtiers have them all by heart
 “ Those maids of honour who can read,
 “ Are taught to use them for their creed
 “ The reverend author’s good intention
 “ Hath been rewarded with a pension* 290
 “ He doth an honour to his gown,
 “ By bravely running *priest-craft* down
 “ He shews, as sure as God ’s in Gloucester,
 “ That Moses was a grand impostor,
 “ That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 “ Perform’d as jugglers do their feats.
 “ The church had never such a writer,
 “ A shame he hath not got a mitre!”
 Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose, 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without;
 One, quite indifferent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws

* Woflon is here confounded with Woolaston. N.

" The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court,
 " Although, ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave, 310
 " To steal a hunt was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own "
 " Sir, I have heard another story,
 " He was a most *confounded* Tory,
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315
 " Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd "
 " Can we the Drapier then forget?
 " Is not our nation in his debt?
 " 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters! "
 " He should have left them for his *bettors*, 320
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen* —
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding*,
 " Who, in his *satires* running riot, 325
 " Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
 " Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 " *Court*, *city*, *camp*—all one to him —
 " By why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert, 330
 " Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
 " To save the nation every hour!
 " What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 " In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
 " Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*, 335
 " But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"

" Perhaps

- “ Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 “ Had too much satire in his vein,
 “ And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
 “ Because no age could more deserve it. 340
 “ Yet malice never was his aim,
 “ He lash’d the vice, but spar’d the name
 “ No individual could resent,
 “ Where thousands equally were meant
 “ His satire points at no defect, 345
 “ But what all mortals may correct,
 “ For he abhor’d the senseless tribe
 “ Who call it humour when they gibe
 “ He spar’d a hump, or crooked nose,
 “ Whose owners set not up for beaux 350
 “ True genuine dullness mov’d his pity,
 “ Unless it offer’d to be witty
 “ Those who their ignorance confess,
 “ He ne’er offended with a jest,
 “ But laugh’d to hear an idiot quote 255
 “ A verse from Horace learn’d by rote.
 “ Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
 “ Must be or *ridicul’d*, or *lash’d*
 “ If you *resent* it, who’s to blame?
 “ He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*. 360
 “ Should *vice* expect to ’scape rebuke,
 “ Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 “ His friendships, still to few confin’d,
 “ Were always of the middling kind,
 “ No fools of rank, or mungrel breed, 365
 “ Who fain would pass for lords indeed.
 “ Where

- " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower,
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face 370
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain
 " ***** squires to market brought,
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought
 " The ***** go joyful back, 375
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees,
 " In every jobb to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair; 380
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him,
 " Would rather slip aside, and choose 385
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes,
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres
 " He never courted men in station,
 " *Nor persons held in admiration,* 390
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he fought for no man's aid
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs
 " Without regarding private ends, 395
 " Spent all his credit for his friends;
 " And

- “ And only chose the wife and good;
 “ No flatterers, no allies in blood
 “ But succour’d virtue in distress,
 “ And seldom fail’d of good success, 400
 “ As numbers in their hearts must own,
 “ Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 “ He kept with princes due decorum;
 “ Yet never stood in awe before ’em
 “ He so lov’d Dauid’s lesson just, 405
 “ In princes never put his trust
 “ And, would you make him truly sour,
 “ Provoke him with a slave in power.
 “ The Irish senate if you nam’d,
 “ With what impatience he declam’d! 410
 “ Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
 “ For her he stood prepar’d to die;
 “ For her he boldly stood alone,
 “ For her he oft’ expos’d his own
 “ Two kingdoms, just as fiction led, 415
 “ Had set a price upon his head,
 “ But not a traitor could be found,
 “ To sell him for six hundred pound
 “ Had he but spar’d his tongue and pen,
 “ He might have roste like other men 420
 “ But power was never in his thought,
 “ And wealth he valued not a goat
 “ Ingratitude he often found,
 “ And pity’d those who meant the wound,
 “ But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 “ To merit well of human-kind,
 VOL XLIV. C “ Nor

- " Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his foes
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in power, 430
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursued each other's ruin
 " But, finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair
 " And, oh! how short are human schemes! 435
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event 440
 " Too soon that precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depended
 " When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
 " By *solemn league and covenant bound*, 445
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound,
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel,
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown, 450
 " To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand!
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean 455
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene
 " His

- “ His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 “ Himself within the frown of power,
 “ Pursued by base invenom’d pens,
 “ Far to the land of f—— and fens, 460
 “ A servile race in folly nurs’d,
 “ Who truckle most, when treated worst.
 “ By innocence and resolution,
 “ He bore continual persecution,
 “ While numbers to preferment rose, 465
 “ Whose merit was to be his foes,
 “ When *ev’n his own familiar friends,*
 “ Intent upon their private ends,
 “ Like renegadoes now he feels,
 “ *Against him lifting up their heels.* 470
 “ The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 “ An infamous destructive cheat,
 “ Taught fools their interest how to know,
 “ And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 “ Envy hath own’d it was his doing, 475
 “ To save that hapless land from ruin,
 “ While they who at the steerage stood,
 “ And reap’d the profit, fought his blood.
 “ To save them from their evil fate,
 “ In him was held a crime of state 480
 “ A wicked monster on the bench,
 “ Whose fury blood could never quench;
 “ As vile and profligate a villain,
 “ As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
 “ Who long all justice had discarded, 485
 “ *Nor fear’d he God, nor man regarded;*

- " Vow'd on the Dean h's rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends, 490
 " Not frowns of law, nor judges' frown,
 " Nor topics b ought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict
 " In exile, with a steady heart, 495
 " He spent his life's declining part,
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay "
 " Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope* 500
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him*.
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers 505
 " To raise his *poet*, or fill his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*,
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled —
 " I fry no more—because he 's *dead* — 510
 " What *writings* has he left behind?"
 " I hear they 're of a different kind
 " A few in *verse*, but most in *prose*—"
 " Some *high flown pamphlets*, I suppose —
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*, 515
 " To *palliate* his friend Oxford's *crimes*;
 " The

- " To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the Pretender
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *spite* 520
 " Perhaps his *travels*, *poet the third*,
 " A *lye* at every *second word*—
 " Offensive to a *low*, *ill* ear —
 " But—*not one sermon*, you may *perceive* "
 " He knew un hundred pleasing stories, 525
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories
 " Was cheerful to his dying-day ,
 " And friends would let him have his way
 " As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own my self no judge of those 530
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
 " But thus I know, all people boughⁿ here,
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To *please* and to *reform* mankind
 " And, if he often mis'd his aim, 535 }
 " The *worl'd* must own it to their *shame* ,
 " The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame* }
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad,
 " To shew, by one satiric touch, 540
 " No nation wanted it so much
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better
 " And, since you dread no further *losses*,
 " Methinks you may *forgive his ashes* " 545

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR HELSHAM.

SIR,

Nov 23, at night, 1731

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's
 juice sick,
 I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick,
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,
 Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
 I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick,
 She mended at first, but now she 's a-new sick
 Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue
 sick,
 Dean Crosse, had he preach'd, would have made us all
 pew-sick
 Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and stew, sick ?
 Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
 And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick
 Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick
 For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick ?
 Such musick would make a fanatick or Jew sick,
 Yet, ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick.
 Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick
 My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
 And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick,

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured. Some, which were still more exceptionable, are suppressed N.

But

But you learned doctors can make whom you choofe fick.
 And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, fick,
 For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue fick,
 And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue,
 fick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) fick;
 But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) fick,
 And those, to be sure, stuck together like glew, fick
 So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
 screw, fick

You may find they are all, by their yallow pale hue, fick,
 So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, fick.

TO DR SHERIDAN

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muse fick.
 This night I came home with a very cold dew fick,
 And I wish I may soon be not of an ague fick,
 But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew fick,
 Who often has made me, by looking askew, fick

DR HELSHAM'S ANSWER

THE Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew fick
 I know it has made a fine lady in blue fick,
 For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew fick,
 Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew fick
 Last Monday a lady at St Patrick's did spew fick,
 And made all the rest of the folks in the pew fick;
 The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew fick,
 And stop't the distemper, as being but new fick.

The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick,
 Had we two been there, it would have made me and
 you sick

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick,
 Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
 I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick,
 The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.

There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
 threw sick,

And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue sick,
 I 've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
 At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
 And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
 Send rhymes, and I 'll send you some others in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I 've a plenty,

And therefore send twenty

Answered the same day when sent, Nov 23

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, to-
 gether with his own, and let him know we are not persons
 to be insulted

“ Can you match with me,

“ Who send thirty-three ?

“ You must get fourteen more,

“ To make up thirty-four

“ But, if me you can conquer,

“ I 'll own you a strong cur* ”

* The lines “ thus marked ” were written by Dr Swift, at the bottom of Dr Hellsam's twenty lines, and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper. N

This morning I'm growing by smelling of yew sick;
 My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick,
 Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick,
 This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick,
 I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick,
 By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick
 And now t'ere's no more I can write (you'll excuse)
 sick,

You see that I scorn to mention word musick.

I'll do my best,
 To send the rest,
 Without a jest,
 I'll stand the test

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
 I'll make you with writing a little more news sick
 Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick,
 My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick;
 An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick
 I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
 Lord! I could write a dozen more,
 You see, I've mounted thirty-four

E P I G R A M,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE 1732.

" Sic sibi lætantur Docti "

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
 How are these venerable bustoes grac'd
 O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
 For love of arts and piety renown'd!

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

How do the friends of virtue joy to see
 Her darling sons exalted thus by thee !
 Nought to their fame can now be added more,
 Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore

A N O T H E R.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
 And rais'd the scientific head
 Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
 Exalts the head that cannot eat

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS,
 and sent to the DRAPIER

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
 Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
 And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
 To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
 I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted,
 Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR SWIFT'S ANSWER

HER majesty never shall be my exalter,
 And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter !

TO THE REVEREND DR SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
 Small is the present, but sincere the friend
 Think not so poor a book below thy care,
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
 Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
 Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
 A *rasa tabula* within denote
 Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
 And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
 If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
 A sinking country and an injur'd state
 Thy great assistance should again demand,
 And call forth reason to defend the land,
 Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
 Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes.
 Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
 Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
 And sacred rules of policy impart
 The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
 Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more,

But

But lead us onward to those golden mines,
 Where e'er thy soul in native lustre shines
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With Loom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
 How is the rapture heighen'd, when we find
 Her form ex-cen'd by her celestial mind !

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH

ON THE DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S DESK

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY

BY DR DELANY

HITHER from Mexico I came,
 To serve a proud Iernian dame.
 Was long submitted to her will,
 At length she lost me at *quadrille*
 Through various shapes I often pass'd,
 Still hoping to have rest at last,
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the port of dean,
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor*,
 Not strolling Idlers to a d,
 But honest Industry decay'd

* Alluding to 500*l* a year lent by the Dean, without interest,
 to poor tradesmen F

At length an artist purchas'd me,
 And wrought me to the shape you see
 This done, to Hermes I apply'd
 " O Hermes! gratify my pride,
 " Be it my fate to serve a sage,
 " The greatest genius of his age,
 " That matches let me supply,
 " Whose living lines will never die!"
 I grant your suit, the God reply'd,
 And here he left me to reside.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS,

A PAPER-BOOK is sent by Boyle,
 Too neatly gilt for me to soil
 Delany sends a silver standish,
 When I no more a pen can brandish
 Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
 As trophies of a Muse deceas'd
 And let the friendly lines they writ
 In praise of long-departed wit
 Be grav'd on either side in columns,
 More to my praise than all my volumes,
 To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
 The Vandals of the present age.

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSION
TO THE PRIESTON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR
OWN TALENTS 1732

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest.

A wag

A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe
 But yet, the worst that could be said,
 He was a *wit* both born and bred,
 And, if it be a sin or shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame
 One fault he hath, is sorry for 't,
 His ears are half a foot too short,
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He 'd shew his face before the king
 Then for his voice, there 's none disputes
 That he 's the nightingale of brutes

The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
 His shape and beauty made him proud.
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
 In every turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent:
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found
 His vigilance might some displease,
 'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter
 Much of the censuring world complain'd,
 Who said, his gravity was feign'd
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:

He

He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to bear
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage

The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
 And first excus'd his youthful face,
 Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
 ('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
 To fondness for the female kind,
 Not, as his enemies object,
 From chance, or natural defect,
 Not by his frigid constitution,
 But through a pious resolution:
 For he had made a holy vow
 Of chastity, as Monks do now,
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
 And strictly too, as doth his Reverence

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
 How just it suits with human-kind
 Some faults we own but, can you guess?
 —Why, virtues carried to excess,
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,
 Though neither foe nor friend allows us

The lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
 He never squeez'd a needy client,

* The priest his confessor,

And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter-term
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch,
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most

The cunning knave who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter,
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn.
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes,
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit

Would rise by merit to promotion,
Alas ! a mere chimeric notion

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin, and, (God forgive him ¹)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave
But see how Satan spreads his snares,
He quite forgot to say his prayers
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack
In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat,
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with flops.
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire,
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame

The statesman tells you, with a *sneer*,
 His fault is to be too *sincere*;
 And, having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends
 The nation's good, his master's glory,
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Were all the schemes he had in view,
 Yet he was seconded by few
 Though some had spread a thousand lyes,
 'Twas *he* defeated the Excise.
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersions,
 That *standing troops* were his aversion
 His practice was, in every station,
 To serve the king, and please the nation;
 Though hard to find in every case
 The fittest man to fill a place.
 His promises he ne'er forgot,
 But took memorials on the spot.
 His enemies, for want of charity,
 Said, he affected popularity.
 'Tis true, the people understood,
 That all he did was for their good;
 Their kind affections he has try'd,
 No love is lost on either side
 He came to court with fortune clear,
 Which now he runs out every year.
 Must, at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone
 Oh! if his Majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease,

Would grant him licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his desire,
 By fair accounts it would be found,
 He 's poorer by ten thousand pound.
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
 He ne'er was partial to his kin,
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To crowd the court with their relations.
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And every virtuous man his brother,
 Through modesty or awkward shame
 (For which he owns himself to blame),
 He found the wisest man he could,
 Without respect to friends or blood,
 Nor never acts on private views,
 When he hath liberty to choose

The sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away
 And well he might, for, to his cost,
 By want of skill he always lost
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats,
 Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk

I own the moral not exact
 Besides, the tale is false in fact,
 And so absurd, that, could I raise up
 From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,

I would

I would accuse him to his face
 For libeling the four-foot race
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers,
 While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid,
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade,
 He better understands his trade
 Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles,
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is,
 A creature *bipes et implumis*,
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human-kind
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON 1732

WOULD you rise in the church? be stupid and dull,
 Be empty of learning, of insolence full,
 Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
 In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*;
 No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
 In him that 's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *caunting*

Be studious to practise true *meanness of spirit*,
 For who but lord Bolton* was mitred for *merit* ?
 Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rocket* ? in short,
 Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte†

THE PARSON'S CASE

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting-days,
 Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
 And, to complete thy other curses,
 The quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave
 And, oh, what virtue you express,
 In wishing such afflictions less !

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy Curateship a Dean,

* Then archbishop of Cashel

† At that time bishop of Kilmore.

Or some rich benefice provide,
 To pamper luxury and pride,
 With labour small, and income great,
 With chariot less for use than state,
 With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
 And licence to reside in town,
 To shine, where all the gay resort,
 At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
 And weekly persecute his Grace
 With visits, or to beg a place,
 With underlings thy flock to teach,
 With no desire to pray or preach,
 With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
 With plenteous meals and generous wine;
 Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
 Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES

1733

POOOR ladies! though their business be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy night and day.
 Why should they want the privilege of ~~men~~,
 Nor take some small diversions now ~~and then~~?
 Had women been the makers of our laws
 (And why they were not, I can see no cause),
 The men should slave at cards from morn to night,
 And female pleasures be to read and write

A L O V E S O N G,
IN THE MODERN TASTE 1733

I

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pimons,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art

II

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks

III

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth

IV

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Discretion, string the lyre,
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers,
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir

V

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains

VI Mournful

VI

Mournful cypresses, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd

VIII

Thus when Philomela drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to fate

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS,
 and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of
 the TEST-ACT in IRELAND 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
 O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
 Whole ricks of hay, and stacks of corn,
 Were down the sudden current borne,
 While things of heterogeneous kind
 Together float with tide and wind
 The generous wheat forgot its pride,
 And sail'd with litter side by side,

Untung

Uniting all, to shew their amity,
 As in a general calamity
 A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
 Mingling with apples in the throng,
 Said to the pippin plump and prim,
 " See, brother, how we apples swim "

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
 An offer'd fee of Radcliff scorns
 " Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
 " Must take no fees of one another "

Thus to a Dean some Curate floven
 Subscribes, " Dear Sir, your brother loving "

Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
 About St James's, cry, " We courtiers "

Thus H—e in the house will prate,
 " Sir, we the ministers of state "

Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettesworth,
 Though half a crown o'er pays his swear's worth,
 Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
 Calls Singleton his brother serjeant
 And thus fanatic fants, though next'er in
 Doctrine nor discipline our biethien,
 Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
 As much as Hebrews and Philistines
 But in no other sense, than nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature
 Lice from your body suck their food,
 But is a louse your flesh and blood ?
 Though born of human filth and sweat, it
 May as well be said man did beget it:

But

But maggots in your nose and chin
 As well may claim you for their kin
 Yet criticks may object, Why not?
 Since lice are brethren to a Scot
 Which made our swarm of sects determine
 Employments for their brother vermin.
 But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
 What Protestant can be so sottish,
 While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
 To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,
 In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice,
 And as our sects, by all descriptions,
 Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
 As from the trodden dust they spring,
 And, turn'd to lice, infest the king
 For pity's sake, it would be just,
 A *rod* should turn them back to *dust*.

Let folks in high or holy stations
 Be proud of owning such relations,
 Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
 As if they were afraid to lose 'em
 While I, with humble Job, had rather
 Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
 For he that has so little wit
 To nourish vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW,

O R,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of "Derry down"

JOLLY boys of St Kevan's, St Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, I 'il tell you, if not told befoie,
 How Bettefworth, that booby, and scoundrel in gra n,
 Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
 But this skip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
 How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
 Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show,
 But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know
 His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
 More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
 Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause,
 Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
 What honest folks never durst for their ears

Knock him down, &c.

Of

Of all fizes and forts, the fanatical crew
 Are his Brother Protestants, good men and true,
 Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the same
 What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came ?
Knock him down, &c

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
 Naylor,
 And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
 Are Christians alike, and it may be verr'd,
 He 's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
 Their rights! their importance! We 'll set on new
 rates
 On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
 What 's next to be voted, with ease you may guess
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Master (I need not him name)
 To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a shame,
 When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
 By leaving him under the pen of the Dean
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satue had been
 The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin
 He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar,
 He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he
 swore

Knock him down, &c.

Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low
 strains,
 To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
 And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
 While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears
Knock him down, &c

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
 We 'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit,
 We 'll teach him some better addrefs to afford
 To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a sword
Knock him down, &c

We 'll colt him throug^h Kevan, St Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before,
 We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
 grains,
 A modus right fit for insulters of Deans
Knock him down, &c

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends,
 To the Dean he shall go, they shall kifs and be friends -
 But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
 A face for to kifs, without eyes, ears, or nose
Knock him down, &c

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
 That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
 You mistake, for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
 May be proud to be licking a great man's posteniors
Knock him down, &c

What

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
 Though his soul he despises, he values his hide,
 Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
 He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE
 ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,
 AND BETTESWORTH

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
 The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love,
 And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
 They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite
 You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
 His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
 Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice,
 And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice
 On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very best way;
 And say of the man what all honest men say
 But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
 If still your soul bosom more rancour contains;
 Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter,
 'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter.
 For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
 Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

O N P O E T R Y

A R H A P S O D Y 1733

ALL human race would fun be *wits*,
 And millions miss for one that hits
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast 5
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *spring* of bays in fifty years,
 While every fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges 10
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind ?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie
 A *beast* will not attempt to fly ,
 A founder'd *horse* will oft' debate, 15
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate,
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature, 20
 Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there ,
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs

Not *empire* to the rising sun 25
 By valour, conduct, fortune won;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round; 30
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the *Muse's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes, 35
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews,
 Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*, 40
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware?
 Where you have nothing to produce 45
 For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot
 For poets, law makes no provision;
 The wealthy have you in derision 50
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter,
 Are awkward when you try to flatter
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now not so much as in remainder, 55
 Since Cibber brought-in an attainder;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grub-street line

Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy pains! 60

And here a *smile* comes pat in
 Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour
 So, after toiling twenty days 65

To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea,
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the *chickens* went before. 70

How shall a new attempter learn
 Of different spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
 Then hear an old experienc'd sinner, 75
 Instructing thus a young beginner

Consult yourself, and if you find
 A powerful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best, 80
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown.

Then,

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
 The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline,
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails. 90

Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dash'es*.

To statesmen would you give a wipe, 95
 You print it in *Italic type*.
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes.
 But, when in *capitals* exprest,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest. 100

Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant;
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress, 105
 Correctly fitted for the press,
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
 But let no friend alive look into 't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost. 110

And how agreeably surpris'd
 Are you to see it advertis'd!
 The hawker shews you one in print,
 As fresh as farthings from the mint

The product of your toil and sweating, 115
 A bastard of your own begetting
 Be sure at Will's, the following day,
 Lie snug, and hear what criticks say,
 And, if you find the general vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue, 120
 Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
 Sit still, and swallow down your spittle
 Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion
 Or praise the judgement of the town, 125
 And help yourself to run it down
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame; 130
 And criticks have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse
 And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
 Depend upon 't their judgement 's right
 But if you blab, you are undone 135
 Consider what a risk you run
 You lose your credit all at once;
 The town will mark you for a dunc,
 The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends, 140
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
 Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
 Go try your hand a second time
 Again you fail yet *Safe* 's the word;
 Take courage, and attempt a third
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where criticks mark'd your former faults,
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The *similes* that nothing fit;
 The *cant* which every fool repeats,
 Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
 Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant;
 A public or a private *robber*,
 A *statesman*, or a South-sea *jobber*,
 A *prelate* who no God believes;
 A parliament, or den of thieves;
 A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
 A dutchess, or a suburb-wench
 Or oft', when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink,
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide,
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short;
 Or like a bridge, that joins a marsh
 To moorlands of a different parish.

145

150

155

160

165

170

So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in many grounds. 175
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns 180
 But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game
 From party-merit seek support, 185
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring-in pence
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail 190
 A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other baubles in the Tower,
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise, 195
 And so continues till he dies
 His humble *senate* thus professes,
 In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom, 200
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze.

As

As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell.
 And lo! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below,
 And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop,
 Or in the ivory gate of dreams
 Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To fet Elysium by the ears

205

210

215

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your Muse on kings alive,
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own;
 For *law* and *gospel* both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath)
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again

220

225

230

But, if you think this trade too base,
 (Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critick's brow, and sit 235
 At Will's the puny judge of wit
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve a while.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art, 240
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern criticks' jargon
 Then talk with more authentic face
 Of *unities, in time and place*,
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends, 245
 And have them at your fingers' ends,
 Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote,
 Judicious Rymer oft' review,
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bosſu ; 250
 Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
 For these our criticks much confide in
 (Though merely writ at first for filling,
 'To raise the volume's price a shilling)
 A forward critick often dupes us 255
 With sham quotations *peri hupsous*,
 And if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially outshme us
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money, 260
 Translated from Boileau's translation,
 And quote *quotation on quotation*.
 At Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclining

Reclining on his elbow-chair, 265
 Gives judgement with decisive air,
 To whom the tribe of circling wits
 As to an oracle submits
 He gives directions to the town,
 To cry it up, or ran it down, 270
 Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote
 He sets the stamp of bad and good,
 Though not a word be understood
 Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure 275
 To get the name of *connoisseur*
 And, when your merits once are known,
 Procure disciples of your own.
 For poets (you can never want 'em)
 Spread through Augusta Trinobantum, 280
 Computing by their pecks of coals,
 Amount to just nine thousand souls
 These o'er their proper districts govern,
 Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
 In every street a city-bard 285
 Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
 His indisputed rights extend
 Through all the lane, from end to end;
 The neighbours round admire his *forewordness*
 For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness*; 290
 Out-done by none in rhyming well,
 Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory,
 And one is Whig, and one is Tory

And

And this for epics claims the bays, 295
 And that for elegiac lays
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth,
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls 300
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town
 Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar
 Harmonious Cibber entertains 305
 The court with annual birth-day strains,
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 Where Pope will never show his face,
 Where Young must torture his invention.
 To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *person*. 310
 But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination,
 Through every alley to be found, 315
 In garrets high, or under ground,
 And when they join their *perscranies*,
 Out skips a *book of miscellanies*
 Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature. 320
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match
 A whale of moderate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox with geese his belly crams, 325
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave, are worry'd by the base
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit. 330
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb;
 While others do as much for him
 The vermin only tease and pinch 335
 Their foes superior by an inch
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,'
 And so proceed *ad infinitum* 340
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen,
 Call dunces fools and sons of whores, 345
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors,
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded, 350
 How wrong a taste prevails among us,
 How much our ancestors outsung us,
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born;

And

And all their brother-dunces lash, 355
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot, 360
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place.

Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood, 365
Since first the court allow'd them food

Remains a difficulty still;
To purchase fame by writing ill
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime*! 370
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place supply'd
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The *laden crown* devolv'd to thee, 375
Great poet of the *hollow tree*.

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal, 380
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *descend*

In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *motes* in cheese,

Than

Than what a curious eye may trace 385

In creatures of the rhyming race

From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;

But who can reach the worst of all?

For though, in nature, depth and height

Are equally held infinite, 390

In poetry, the height we know,

'Tis only infinite below

For instance when you rashly think,

No rhymers can like Welford sink,

His merits balanc'd, you shall find 395

The Laureat leaves him far behind.

Concannon, more aspiring bard,

Soars downwards deeper by a yard

Smart Jeremy Moor with vigour drops

The rest pursue as thick as hops 400

With heads to points the gulph they enter,

Link'd perpendicular to the centre;

And, as their heels elated rise,

Their heads attempt the nether skies.

Oh, what indignity and shame, 405

To prostitute the Muse's name!

By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd

The plagues and scourges of mankind,

Bred up in ignorance and sloth,

And every vice that nurses both, 410

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,

Whose virtues bear the strictest test,

Whom never faction could bespatter,

Not minister nor poet flatter,

What

What justice in rewarding merit !
 What magnanimity of spirit !
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face !
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
 Dread from his hand impending changes.
 From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, oh may he rule us !)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think, what wonders will be done,
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure
 The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood :
 Bright goddesses, in number five,
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
 Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court .

415

420

425

430

435

440

Intent

Intent the public debts to pay, 445
 Like prudent Fabius, by delay
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises every Muse shall sing !
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector, 450
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a flock
 You choose, to rule the sable flock !
 You raise the honour of the peerage, 455
 Proud to attend you at the steerage
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence 460
 St George beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
 He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.
 Say, poet, in what other nation 465
 Shone ever such a constellation !
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays,
 Your panegyricks here provide,
 You cannot ~~err~~ on *flattery's side*. 470
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ~~ten thousand mile~~.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load;
 But

But Europe mortify'd his pride, 475
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is
 Exactly true ' invidious poet '
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it. 480

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan
 They could all power in Heaven divide,
 And do no wrong on either side,
 They teach you how to split a hair, 485
 Give George and Jove an equal share,
 Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
 I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
 And reason good, for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here 490
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid.
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur

HORACE, BOOK IV ODE XIX IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ * 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
 On ' too nice, and too severe '
 Think not that my *country* song
 Shall displease thy honest ear.

* Lord-mayor of Dublin. N.

Chosen

Chosen strains I proudly bring,
 Which the Muses' sacred choir,
 When they gods and heroes sing,
 Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
 Just precedence still maintains,
 With sacred rapture still are heard
 Theban Pindar's lofty strains

Still the old triumphant song,
 Which, when hated tyrants fell,
 Great Alcæus boldly sung,
 Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

* Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
 In obscure oblivion press'd
 What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd,
 Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gentle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
 Warms the heart with amorous fire;
 Still her tenderest notes infuse
 Melting rapture, soft desire

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
 By a painted sapping won,
 Went not first, fair nymph, astray;
 Fondly pleas'd to be undone

Not young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
 Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
 Alone the terrors of the foe,
 Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years' famous war
But their names, un Sung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription,
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's curst spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night,
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and no⁴ untried,
 For Hibernia now doth stand,
 Through the calm, or, raging tide,
 Safe conducts the ship to land

Falsely we call the rich man great;
 He is only so that knows
 His plentiful or small estate
 Wisely to enjoy and use

He, in wealth or poverty,
 Fortune's power alike defies;
 And falsehood and dishonesty
 More than death abhors and flies

Flies from death! — No, meets it brave,
 When the suffering so severe
 May from dreadful bondage save
 Clients, friends, or country dear

Thus the sovereign man, compleat,
 Hero, patriot, glorious, free,
 Rich and wise, and good and great;
 Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR SHERIDAN. 1733.

“ To make a writer miss his end,
 “ You’ve nothing else to do but mend.”⁴

I OFTEN try’d in vain to find
 A *simile* for woman-kind,

A *simile* I mean to fit 'em,
 In every circumstance to hit 'em
 Through every beast and bird I went,
 I ranfack'd every element,
 And, after peeping through all nature,
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A *cloud* presented to my view,
 And strait this parallel I drew

Clouds turn with every wind about,
 They keep us in suspense and doubt,
 Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind
 And are not women just the same?
 For, who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
 When bellowing they discharge their thunder
 So when th' alarm-bell is rung
 Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
 The husband dreads its loudness more
 Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar

Clouds weep, as they do, without pain,
 And what are tears but women's rain?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam,
 And ladies never stay at home

The *clouds* build castles in the air,
 A thing peculiar to the fair,
 For all the schemes of their forecasting
 Are not more solid, nor more lasting

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
 Such is a lady with her spark.

Now

Now with a sudden pouting gloom
 She seems to darken all the room,
 Again she 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
 And all is clear when she has smil'd
 In this they 're wondrously alike
 (I hope the *smile* will strike),
 Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
 Stay but a moment, you 'll see through them.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
 And frequently produce infection,
 So Cælia, with small provocation,
 Blasts every neighbour's reputation

The *clouds* delight in gaudy show
 (For they, like ladies, have their bow),
 The gravest matron will confess,
 That she herself is fond of dress

Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
 What various colours are display'd,
 The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
 In that great drawing-room the sky;
 How do these differ from our Graces,
 In garden-fill's, brocades, and laces?
 Are they not such another sight,
 When met upon a birth-day night?

The *clouds* delight to change their fashion:
 (Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
 Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
 Who every hour delight in change

In them and you alike are seen
 The sullen symptoms of the spleen;

The moment that your vapours rise,
 We see them dropping from your eyes
 In evening fair you may behold
 The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold,
 And 'this is many a lady's case,
 Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace
 Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
 Their words fall thick, and soft, and flow,
 While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
 Our ears on every side assail
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
 Deprive us of celestial light
 So when my Chloe I pursue,
 No heaven besides I have in view
 Thus, on comparison, you see,
 In every instance they agree,
 So like, so very much the same,
 That one may go by t' other's name
 Let me proclaim it then aloud,
 That every woman is a *cloud*

ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
 A woman with a *cloud* compare?
 Strange pride and insolence you show
 Inferior mortals *there* below
 And is our thunder in your ears
 So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas!

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
 And only makes you more devout.
 Then is not female clatter worse,
 That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year,
 The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear -
 But every sublunary dowdy,
 The more she scolds, the more she 's cloudy.

Some critick, may object, perhaps,
 That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*,
 But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
 Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
 Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
 Or from your noses dig out notches?
 We leave the body sweet and sound,
 We kill, 'tis true, but never wound

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
 Fair weather when the morning breaks;
 But women in a *cloudy* plight
 Foretell a storm to last till night.

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
 His blessings down in fruitful showers,
 But woman was by fate design'd
 To pour down curses on mankind

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
 Our kindly help his fire assuages,
 But woman is a curst inflamer,
 No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
 To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
 Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
 Who for our constancy are famous?
 You 'll see a *cloud* in gentle weather
 Keep the same face an hour together,
 While women, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change every feature every second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
 Of foul or fair we give you warning,
 But can you guess from woman's air
 One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
 What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
 Jove dress'd a *cloud* in Juno's shape,
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No goddess could have pleas'd him more,
 No difference could he find between
 His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen
 His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
 Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures,
 From us descended *ab origine*,
 By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*
 But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pass for Juno?

Before Æneas durst aspire
 To court her majesty of Tyre,
 His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That Dido might the more caress him -
 A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
 A *flaxen wig* and *clouded cane*

(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show,
And Dido quickly *smack'd the beau*
Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*
We dress her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid
'Tis known, that Socrates the wife
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities.
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares,
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below
You follow where we please to guide,
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions!

You

You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pump,
No higher climb than mount Olympe
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds* ! he kifs their a—es) ,
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows ,
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can pifs upon his laurel crown
Fate never form'd the gods to fly ;
In vehicles they mount the sky
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home,
With care provide you, as we go,
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve.

An idle tale, 'tis no such matter,
 We only dip a sponge in water,
 Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes
 As you shall to your sorrow know,
 We 'll watch your steps where'er you go,
 And, since we find you walk a-foot,
 We 'll soundly souce your frize-furtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
 That Phœbus ever shows his face
 For, when we please, we open wide
 Our curtains blue from side to side
 And then how saucily he shows
 His brazen face and fiery nose;
 And gives himself a haughty air,
 As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
 The violets ope their purple heads,
 The roses blow, the cowslip springs
 'Tis sung, but we know better things.
 'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
 Will often piss upon a nettle,
 But, though we own she makes it wetter,
 The nettle never thrives the better,
 While we, by soft prolific showers,
 Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
 Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
 And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
 That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But

But gods like us have too much sense
 At poets' flights to take offence
 Nor can hyperboles demean us,
 Each drab has been compar'd to Venus
 We own your verses are melodious,
 But such comparisons are odious

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL·

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an
 ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

“ Qui color ater erat, nunc est contra ius atro ”

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
 With whitening of buckles, and blacking of
 shoes,

Did Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
 And moneyless too, but not very dirtless,
 Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all,
 One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*,
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The cloaths on his back as being but such,
 Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *brush*,
 He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push
 Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
 Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't

* See the next poem.

But

But as a wife fidler is noted, you know,
 To have a good couple of strings to one bow,
 So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
 To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle
 He finds out another profession as fit,
 And straight he becomes a retailer of wit
 One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
 Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
 At Domvile's* full often he fed upon bits,
 For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits,
 Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing.
 Such bastings effect upon *him* could have none,
 The dog will be patient, that 's struck with a bone
 Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
 So expert and so active at *brushes* and *ball*,
 Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
 A youth should be lost, that had been so witty.
 Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
 And now we 'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
 Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
 Of scribbling *cum dasbo*, and hooking of fees;
 Suppose him a miser, attorney *per bill*,
 Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
 Yet would you believe, though I fware by the Bible,
 That he took up two *news-bags* for crying the *libel*?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq

" But he by bawling news about,
" And aptly using brush and clout,
" A justice of the peace became,
" To punish rogues who do the same " HUB.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face,
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean,—for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?

'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* slow-rising weight
(Such toils as best his talents fit),
Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit*
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;

Believes

Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack,
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier,
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor,
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about,
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet,
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings,
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace

And so th' Epheſian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, deſpiſing ſhame,
To gain an ever-odious name

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. IATSH ED

DR SHERIDAN'S BALLAD
ON BALLYSPELLIN*

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you 've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she 's at Ballyspellin

The footy brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen,
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling,
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin

* A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady N

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling
The reason 's plain, the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellan.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyspellin,

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling,
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone, I think I 've none,
Unless I should bring hell in,
But, since I 'm here to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

A N S W E R

B Y D R S W I F T *

DARE you dispute, you faucy brute,
 And think there 's no refelling
 Your scurvy lays, and fenfeleis praife
 You give to Ballyspellin²

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
 Your medicine is repelling,
 Your water 's mud, and fours the blood,
 When drunk at Ballyspellin

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
 You thither are compelling,
 Will back be sent, worfe than they went,
 From nasty Ballyspellin

Llewellyn why² As well may I
 Name honest docto: Pellin,
 So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
 To bring in Ballyspellin

No subject fit to try your wit,
 When you went colonelling,
 But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
 That met at Ballyspellin.

* This answer was resentfed by Dr Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spa. N.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in fight,
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin ?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskillin
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin !

Now as I live, I would not give
 A silver for a skellin,
 To towse and kifs the fairest mifs
 That leaks at Ballyspellin.
 Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
 Deserves a good cudgelling,
 Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts,
 At dirty Ballyspellin.
 My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
 Which is, our trees are felling,
 As proper quite as these you write,
 To force in Ballyspellin

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI. P A R A P H R A S E D

IF noisy Tom* should in the senate prate
 " That he would answer both for church and state;
 " And, further, to demonstrate his affection,
 " Would take the kingdom into his protection,"
 All mortals must be curious to inquire,
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his fire?
 " What! thou, the spawn of hum† who sham'd our isle,
 " That traitor, assassin, informer-vile!

* Sir Thomas Prendergast IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III, but, to avoid being hanged, turned-informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet Ibid.

" Though by the female fide* you proudly bring,
 " To mend your breed, the murderer of a king,
 " What was thy grandfire† but a mountaineer,
 " Who held a cabin for ten groats a year,
 " Whose master Moore‡ preserv'd him from the halter,
 " For stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter!
 " Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
 " Thy founder's grandson§, and usurp his place?
 " Just heaven! to see the dunghill bassard brood
 " Survive in thee, and make the proverb good||!
 " Then vote a worthy citizen** to jail,
 " In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

* Cadogan's family IRIS: ED.

† A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows Ibid

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq. who procured him a pardon Ibid

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Cromwell, but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parlor-haunters, petitioned the house against him, out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his salary was then voted to be Ibid

|| " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat " Ibid

** Mr. George Faulkner See the verses in the following page N

On a PRINTER's being sent to NEWGATE *

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves,
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey,
 Where every trout can make as high rants
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
 And swagger while the coast is clear
 But, should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach,
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT *

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead!
 Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean,
 Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M.
 Voltaire, Aug 27, 1752. N

While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said.
 " Offending race of human-kind,
 " By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
 " You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside,
 " And you who never fell, *through pride*,
 " You who in different sects were sham'd,
 " And come to see each other damn'd
 " (So some folk told you, but they knew
 " No more of Jove's designs than you),
 " —The world's mad business now is o'er,
 " And I desert these pranks no more
 " —I to such blockheads set my wit!
 " I damn such fools! —Go, go, you're *but* "

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
 WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND,
 BY DR J. SICAN *

—[Horace speaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
 How Varus and the Mantuan swain
 Have on my birth-day been invited
 (But I was forc'd in verse to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

Upon a plain repast to dine,
 And taste my old Campanian wine,
 But I, who all punctilios hate,
 Though long familiar with the great,
 Nor glory in my reputation,
 Am come without an invitation,
 And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
 I 'll deign for once to taste Iernian,
 But fearing that you might dispute
 (Had I put on my common suit)
 My breeding and my *politesse*,
 I visit in a birth-day dress,
 My coat of purest Turkey red,
 With gold embroidery richly spread;
 To which I 've sure as good pretensions
 As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your anti-chamber wait,
 What though your Oxfords and your St Johns
 Have at your levee paid attendance;
 And Peterborough and great Ormond,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,
 Have laid aside the general's staff
 And public cares, with you to laugh,
 Yet I some friends as good can name,
 Nor less the darling sons of Fame,
 For sure my Pollio and Mæcenæ
 Were as good statesmen, Mr Dean, as
 Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
 Though they made Lewis beg a parley;

And

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
 I'll match him with my Drusus Nero
 You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope,
 But Virgil is as good, I hope
 I own indeed I can't get any
 To equal Hellsam and Delany,
 Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
 A Grecian isle Hippocrates,
 Since Tully liv'd before my time,
 And Galen blest'd another clime

You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
 To be admitted as a guest,
 "Your hearing's bad!"—But why such fears?
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears,
 And for that reason wisely took
 The form you see me in, a book
 Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
 By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths,
 By Bentley's notes, my dearest foes,
 By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose,
 I found my boasted wit and fire
 In their rude hands almost expire
 Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
 For, had their violence prevail'd,
 And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
 They would have partly miss'd their aim;
 Since all my spirit in thy page
 Defies the Vandals of this age
 'Tis yours to save these small remains
 From future pedants' muddy brains,

And

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

O N P S Y C H E *

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire
So loitering, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain,
But ever with prudence takes care of the main
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts, for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears

THE DEAN AND DUKE 1734

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been
friends,
James is beduk'd, of course their friendship ends
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,

* Mrs Sican, a very ingenious well bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem. N.

His wings are clipp'd he tries no more in vain
 With bands of fiddlers to extend his train
 Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
 The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level
 Oh ! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
 From bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum
 free

A Duke to know a Dean ! go, smooth thy crown
 Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown
 Well, but a Duke thou art, so pleas'd the King.
 Oh ! would his Majesty but add a string !

O N

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.*

MAKE Rundle bishop ! he for shame !
 An Arian to usurp the name !
 A bishop in the isle of Saints !
 How will his brethren make complaints !
 Dare any of the mitred host
 Confer on him the Holy Ghost,
 In mother-church to breed a variance,
 By coupling Orthodox with Arians ?
 Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 What is there in it strange or new ?
 For, let us hear the weak pretence
 His brethren find to take offence,
 Of whom there are but four at most,
 Who know there is an Holy Ghost

* Promoted to that see in February, 1734 5. N.

The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
 Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
 And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
 They gave what never was their own

Rundle a bishop ' well he may,
 He 's still a Christian more than they

We know the subject of their quarrels;
 The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty,
 'Tis granted he believes a Deity,
 Has every circumstance to please us,
 Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
 But why should he with that be loaded,
 Now twenty years from court exploded?
 And is not this objection odd

From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
 For liberty a champion stout,
 Though not so gospel-ward devout;
 While others, hither sent to save us,
 Came but to plunder and enslave us;
 Nor ever own'd a power divine,
 But Mammon and the German line

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
 Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
 From ancient canons would not vary,
 But thrice refus'd *episcopari*

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
 Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
 Or sell his children, house, and lands,
 For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But

But all his gold could not avail
 To have the Spirit set to sale
 Said furly Peter, " Magus, pr'ythee,
 " Be gone thy money perish with thee "

Were Peter now alive, perhaps
 He might have found a score of chaps,
 Could he but make his gift appear
 In rents three thousand pounds a year

Some fancy this promotion odd,
 As not the handy-work of God,
 'Though e'en the bishops disappointed
 Must own it made by God's anointed,
 And, well we know, the *congé* legal
 Is more secure as well as legal,
 Because our lawyers all agree,
 That bishopricks are held in fee

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
 How sorely I lament your loss !
 That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
 Should slip your time of dropping guineas,
 For, had you made the king your debtor,
 Your title had been so much better.

E P I G R A M

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
 Upon his reverential rump
 Poor rump ! thou hadst been better sped,
 Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head
 A head, so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, and DESCRIPTION
of the LEGION-CLUB 1736

AS I stroll the city, oft' I
 See a building large and lofty,
 Not a bow-shot from the college,
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge
 By the prudent architect, 5
 Plac'd against the church direct,
 Making good my grand-dame's jest,
 "Near the church"—you know the rest
 Tell us, what the pile contains?
 Many a head that holds no brains 10
 These demonacks let me dub
 With the name of Legion-club
 Such assemblies, you might swear,
 Meet when butchers bait a bear,
 Such a noise, and such haranguing, 15
 When a brother thief is hanging
 Such a rout and such a rabble
 Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble,
 Such a crowd their ordure throws
 On a far less villain's nose 20
 Could I from the building's top
 Hear the rattling thunder drop,
 While the devil upon the roof ~~is~~ ,
 (If the devil be thunder-proof)
 Should with poker fiery red 25
 Crack the stones, and melt the lead,

Drive

Drive them down on every scull,
 While the den of thieves is full,
 Quite destroy the harpies' nest,
 How might then our isle be blest!
 For Divines allow, that God
 Sometimes makes the devil his rod,
 And the Gospel will inform us,
 He can punish sins enormous

30

Yet should Swift endow the schools,
 For his lunaticks and fools,

35

With a rood or two of land;
 I allow the pile may stand
 You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
 But it is with this proviso

40

Since the house is like to last,
 Let the royal grant be pass'd,
 That the club have right to dwell
 Each within his proper cell,
 With a passage left to creep in,
 And a hole above for peeping

45

Let them, when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin,
 While they sit a-picking straws,
 Let them rave at making laws,
 While they never hold their tongue,
 Let them dabble in their dang
 Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and starve the city,
 Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
 When they see a clergy-gown,

50

55

Let

Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for th' orders of the house,
 Let them, with their golling quills,
 Scribble senseless heads of bills. 60
 We may, while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a—s with their votes

Let Sir Tom*, that rampant ass,
 Stuff his guts with flax and grass,
 But, before the priest he fleeces, 65
 Tear the Bible all to pieces
 At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
 Worthy offspring of a shoe-boy,
 Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
 Perjur'd rebel, bab'd accuser, 70
 Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
 Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
 Fall a-working like a mole,
 Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, Muse obedient! 75
 Let us try some new expedient,
 Shift the scene for half an hour,
 Time and place are in thy power.
 Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me,
 I shall ask, and you instruct* me 80

See, the Muse unbars the gate!
 Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

All ye gods who rule the soul!
 Styx, through hell whose waters roll!

* A privy-counsellor, mentioned in p 85. N.

Let me be allow'd to tell 35
 What I heard in yonder hell

Near the door an entrance gapes,
 Crowded round with antic shapes,
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
 Causeless Joy, and true Despair, 40
 Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful strides she takes!

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to break their pates, 45
 Ere we enter'd at the gates,
 Had not Chio in the nick

Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
 What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows, 50
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain

In the porch Briareus stands,
 Shows a bribe in all his hands,
 Briareus the secretary, 55
 But we mortals call him Carey
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a-piece.

Cho, who had been so wise
 To put-on a fool's disguise, 60
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,

Roaring

Roaring till their lungs were spent,
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
 Never durst a Muse before
 Enter that infernal door;
 Cho, stifled with the smell,
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the Stygian steams that flew
 From the dire infectious crew
 Not the stench of Lake Avernus
 Could have more offended her nose;
 Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She had felt her pinions drop,
 And by exhalations dire,
 Though a goddess, must expire.
 In a fright she crept away,
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay

115

120

125

130

When I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 Now, said I, we are alone,
 Name your heroes one by one.

135

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
 Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
 In what figure can a bard dress
 Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
 Honest keeper, drive him further,
 In his looks are hell and murder;
 See the scowling visage drop,
 Just as when he murder'd T—p.

140

Keeper, show me where to fix 145
 On the puppy pair of Dicks,
 By their lantern jaws and leathern,
 You might swear they both are brethren
 Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
 'Old acquaintance, are you there?' 150
 Dear companions, hug and kifs,
 Toast Old Glorious in your pifs
 Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
 Let them starve and stink together;
 Both are apt to be unruly, 155
 Lash them daily, lash them duly,
 Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
 Keeper, yon old dotard smoak,
 Sweetly snoring in his cloak 160
 Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
 Half encompass'd by his kin
 There observe the tribe of Bingham,
 For he never fails to bring 'em,
 While he sleeps the whole debate, 165
 They submissive round him wait,
 Yet would gladly see the hunks
 In his grave, and search his trunks.
 See, they gently twitch his coat,
 Just to yawn and give his vote, 170
 Always firm in his vocation,
 For the court, against the nation
 Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
 First in every wicked job,

Son and brother to a queer
 Brain-sick brute, they call a peer
 We must give them better quarter,
 For their ancestor trod mortar,
 And H—th, to boast his fame,
 On a chimney cut his name

175

180

There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison
 How they swagger from their garrison!
 Such a triplet could you tell
 Where to find on this side hell?
 Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
 Keeper, see they have their payments;
 Every mischief 's in their hearts,
 If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

185

Bless us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
 Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
 Chairman to your damn'd committee!
 Yet I look on thee with pity
 Dreadful sight! what! learned Morgan
 Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
 For thy horrid looks, I own,
 Half convert me to a stone:
 Hast thou been so long at school,
 Now to turn a factious tool?
 Alma Mater was thy mother,
 Every young divine thy brother.
 Thou, a disobedient varlet,
 Treat thy mother like a harlot!
 Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
 Who are all grown reverend preachers!

190

195

200

Morgan, would it not surprise one ! 205
 Turn thy nourishment to poison !
 When you walk among your books,
 They reproach you with their looks
 Bind them fast, or from their shelves
 They will come and right themselves, 210
 Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
 All in arms prepare to back us
 Soon repent, or put to slaughter
 Every Greek and Roman author
 Will you, in your faction's phrase, 215
 Send the clergy all to graze,
 And, to make your project pass,
 Leave them not a blade of grass?
 How I want thee, humorous Hogarth !
 Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art. 220
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Every monster should be painted
 You should try your graving-tools
 On this odious groupe of fools,
 Draw the beasts as I describe them 225
 From their features, while I gibe them;
 Draw them like, for I assure you,
 You will need no *car'atura*,
 Draw them so, that we may trace
 All the soul in every face 230
 Keeper, I must not retire,
 You have done what I desire :
 But I feel my spirits spent
 With the noise, the fight, the scent.

“ Pray

" Pray be patient, you shall find
 " Half the best are still behind
 " You have hardly seen a score,
 " I can show two hundred more "
 Keeper, I have seen enough,—
 Taking then a pinch of snuff,
 I concluded, looking round them,
 " May their god, the devil, confound them !"
 235
 240

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
 Whose conscience always was her care,
 Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
 Would have the text as well as comment :
 So hearing of a grave Divine,
 She sent to bid him come and dine
 But, you must know, he was not quite
 So grave as to be unpollite,
 Thought human learning would not lessen
 The dignity of his profession
 And, if you 'd heard the man discourse,
 Or preach, you 'd like him scarce the worse,
 He long had bid the court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his cell,
 Suspected for the love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before ;
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now.—

The message told, he gapes, and stares,
 And scarce believes his eyes or ears
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain would hear it told again
 But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice
 So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
 And would not fail to wait upon her
 His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
 Away he trudges into town,
 Passes the lower castle-yard,
 And now advancing to the guard,
 He trembles at the thoughts of state;
 For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
 His spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
 He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him

What was the message I receiv'd?
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
 To dine with her! and come at three!
 Impossible! it can't be me
 Or may be I mistook the word,
 My Lady—it must be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad, my Lady too
 What must th' unhappy Doctor do?
 "Is Captain Cræcherode here, pray?"—"No"
 "Nay, then 'tis time for me to go"
 Am I awake, or do I dream?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
 And yet there must be some mistake.

Why,

Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've said? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and fast,
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
" 'Tis now a quarter after three "
The Captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches,
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no Doctor 's to be found
My Lady could not choose but wonder
"Captain, I fear you 've made some blunder:
"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I 'll try his manners once again,
"If rudeness be the effect of knowledge,
"My son shall never see a college "

The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence
Next day another message brought
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,

Panting

Panting—and faltering—hum'd and ha'd,
 “ Her Ladyship was gone abroad,
 “ The Captain too—he did not know
 “ Whether he ought to stay or go,”
 Begg'd she 'd forgive him In conclusion,
 My Lady, pitying his confusion,
 Call'd her good-nature to relieve him,
 Told him, she thought she might believe him,
 And would not only grant his suit,
 But visit him, and eat some fruit,
 Provided, at a proper time,
 He told the real truth in rhyme
 'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
 She 'd hear of no excuse in prose:
 The Doctor stood not to debate,
 Glad to compound at any rate,
 So, bowing, seemingly comply'd;
 Though, if he durst, he had deny'd.
 But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
 Was too refin'd to give a feast
 He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
 But winding walks and purer air,
 Would entertain without expence,
 Or pride, or vain magnificence
 For well he knew, to such a guest
 The plainest meals must be the best.
 To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
 Simplicity alone is rare,
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
 Are really but vulgar treats.

Instead

Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet,
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquies*.
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air,
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides the beams.
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fang'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hunt from hence,
T' apologize his late offence.
“ Madam, the mighty power of use
“ Now strangely pleads in my excuse:
“ If you unus'd have scarcely strength
“ To gain this walk's untoward length;
“ If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
“ Through long disuse of solitude;
“ If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
“ You dread the waving of these greens;

“ If

“ If you, who long have breath’d the fumes
“ Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
“ Do now solicitously shun
“ The cooler air and dazzling fun,
“ If his majestic eye you flee,
“ Learn hence t’ excuse and pity me
“ Consider what it is to bear
“ The powder’d courtier’s witty sneer,
“ To see th’ important man of dress
“ Scoffing my college-awkwardness,
“ To be the strutting cornet’s sport,
“ To run the gauntlet of the court,
“ Winning my way by slow approaches,
“ Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry,
“ To pass so many crowded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—“ You are not to be seen ”
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The awe of your majestic air
“ And can I then be faulty found,
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?”

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
 Upon a chick and pint of wine.
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone
 But this my servants much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board-wages
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend
 Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so good b' ye

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine wares,
 Plumbs, apples, and pears,
 A hundred a penny,
 In conscience too many
 Come, will you have any?
 My children are seven,
 I wish them in Heaven;
 My husband a sot,
 With his pipe and his pot,
 Not a farthing will gain them,
 And I must maintain them

ASPARAGUS

A S P A R A G U S.

RIPE 'sparagrafs,
 Fit for lad or las,
 'To make their water pass.
 Oh, 'tis pretty picking
 With a tender chicken!

O N I O N S.

'COME, follow me by the smell,
 'Here are delicate onions to sell,
 I promise to use you well.
 They make the blood warmer,
 You 'll feed like a farmer
 For this is every cook's opinion,
 No savoury dish without an onion,
 But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
 Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd.
 Or else you may spare
 Your mistress a share,
 'The secret will never be known,
 She cannot discover
 The 'breath of her lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own.

O Y S T E R S.

CHARMING oysters I cry.
 My masters, come buy.
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their flesh,-

VERSES FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c. 111

No Colcheſter oyſter
 Is ſweeter and moiſter
 Your ſtomach they ſettle,
 And rouse up your mettle;
 They 'll make you a dad
 Of a laſs or a lad,
 And madam your wife
 They 'll pleaſe to the life;
 Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
 Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
 Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
 She 'll be fruitful, never fear her

H E R R I N G S.

BE not ſparing,
 Leave off ſweariſg.
 Buy my herring
 Freſh from Malahide*,
 Better never was try'd
 'Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard;
 Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
 Come, fix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
 Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
 And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
 Well roasted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
 They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

* Near Dublin.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.
INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

HAPPIEST of the spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye,
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound,
And the *muscly* swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black,
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines,
And the filky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear,
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid,
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a *downy* slumber place
Happiest of the Spaniel race,
While the soft perspiring Dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miss Carteret, and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of archbishop Boulter." N

On the ravish'd favourite pours
 Balmy dews, ambrosial showers !
 With thy utmost skill express
 Nature in her richest dress,
 Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing,
 Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
 And the gay enamel'd mead,
 Where the linnets sit and sing,
 Little sportlings of the Spring,
 Where the breathing field and grove
 Sooth the heart, and kindle love.
 Here for me, and for the Muse,
 Colours of resemblance chuse,
 Make of *lineaments* divine,
 Daply female *spanzels* shine,
 Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
 Gentle *damsels*, gentle *care*,
 But to one alone impart
 All the flattery of thy art
 Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
 Which complete the desperate face,
 Let the spotted wanton Dame
 Feel a new resistless flame,
 Let the happiest of his *race*
 Win the fair to his *embrace*
 But in shade the rest conceal,
 Nor to fight their joys reveal,
 Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
 Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

A Y A N D N O ,

A T A L E F R O M D U B L I N 1737.

A T Dublin's high feast sate Primate and Dean,
 Both drefs'd like divines, with band and face clean
 Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, "The mob is grown bold"
 "Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold"
 "No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
 "This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift"
 The smart-one replied, "There's no wit in the case,
 "And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace
 "Though with your state-sieve your own notions you
 "split,
 "A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
 "It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
 "But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
 "Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
 "That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke
 "The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,
 "To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
 "It is pity a Prelate should die without law,
 "But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

D R S W I F T ' S A N S W E R T O A F R I E N D ' S Q U E S T I O N .

T H E furniture that best doth please
 St Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
 The knife and fork with which I eat;
 And, next, the pot that boils the meat,

* Dr Hugh Boulter.

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
 Is the glass in which I drink,
 The shelves on which my books I keep;
 And the bed on which I sleep,
 An antique elbow-chair between,
 Big enough to hold the Dean,
 And the store that gives delight
 In the cold bleak wintery night,
 To these we add a thing below,
 More for use reserv'd than show.
 These are what the Dean do please;
 All superfluous are but these.

A P O L L O ' S E D I C T *

I R E L A N D is now our royal care,
 We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
 How near was she to be undone,
 Till pious love inspir'd her Son!
 What cannot our Vicegerent do,
 As Poet and as Patriot too?
 Let his success our subjects sway,
 Our inspirations to obey,
 And follow where He leads the way
 Then study to correct your taste,
 Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

}

* This poem was originally written in 1720, the latter part of it was re-published in 1743, on the death of the Countess of Donegal N

No simile shall be begun,
 With *rising* or with setting sun,
 And let the *secret head of Nile*
 Be ever banish'd from your isle

When wretched lovers live on air,
 I beg you 'll the Camelion spare,
 And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
 Forget he 's like a Salamander

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the Day,
 Or ever name the *milky-way*

You all agree, I make no doubt,
 Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.

The *bird of Jove* shall toil no more
 To teach the humble Wren to soar
 Your Tragic Heroes shall not rant,
 Nor Shepherds use *poetic cant*
 Simplicity alone can grace
 The manners of the rural race.
 Theocritus and Philips be
 Your guides to *true simplicity*

When Damon's *soul shall take its flight,*
 Though Poets have the second-sight,
 They shall not see a *trail of light*
 Nor shall the *vapours upward rise,*
 Nor a *new star* adorn the skies
 For who can hope to place one there,
 As glorious as Belinda's *hair* ?
 Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
 And must exalt him to the skies,

Without

Without a *star*, this may be done
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison

If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of *balcyon days*,
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill,
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of *deep, yet clear*

Whene'er my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the Phoenix I protest
When Poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaeton to hold the reins

When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply blest at home?

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace,
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you 'd consign to endless fame?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
 Nor need you on the Graces call,—
 Take qualities from Donegal

E P I G R A M *.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing 's left, that 's worth defence,
 We build a magazine

E P I G R A M S,

Occasioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hospital for
 IDEOTS and LUNATICKS

I

THE Dean must die—our Ideots to maintain
 Perish, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense, at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N

II O GENIUS

II

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
 Sublimely good, severely great !
 How doth this latest act excel
 All you have done or wrote so well !
 Satire may be the child of spite,
 And Fame might bid the Drapier write :
 But to relieve, and to endow,
 Creatures that know not whence or how,
 Argues a soul both good and wise,
 Resembling *Him* who rules the skies
He to the thoughtful mind displays
 Immortal skill ten thousand ways,
 And, to complete his glorious task,
 Gives what we have not sense to ask !

III

LO ! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his store
 Be wise, ye rich ! — consider thus the poor !

On the DEAN of ST PATRICK's Birth-day*,

Nov 30, ST ANDREW'S-DAY

BETWEEN the hours of ~~twelve~~ and one,
 When half the world to rest were gone,
 Intranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
 Forgetful of an anxious day,
 From every care and labour free,
 My soul as calm as it could be

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion. N

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
 An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
 With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
 And there she drew St Patrick's Dean
 I strait beheld on either hand
 Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, stand,
 And either claim'd him for their son,
 And thus the high dispute begun

St Andrew first, with reason strong,
 Maintain'd to him he did belong

" Swift is my own, by right divine,

" All born upon this day are mine "

St Patrick said, " I own this true,

" So far he does belong to you

" But in my church he 's born again,

" My son adopted, and my Dean

" When first the *Christian-truth* I spread,

" The poor within this isle I fed,

" And darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,

" Made knowledge in their place commence,

" Nay more, at my divine command,

" All *noxious creatures* fled the land

" I made both Peace and Plenty ſmile.

" Hibernia was my favourite isle,

" Now *his*—for he ſucceeds to me,

" Two *angels* cannot more agree

" His joy is, to relieve the poor,

" Behold them weekly at his door !

" His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,

" He like the ſun to all conveys,

" Shows

" Shows *wisdom* in a single page,
 " And in one hour instructs an age.
 " When rum lately stood around
 " Th' inclosures of my *sacred ground*,
 " He gloriously did interpose,
 " And sav'd it from invading foes,
 " For this I claim immortal Swift,
 " As my own son, and Heaven's best gift "

The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
 Now closer in dispute engag'd,
 Effays to prove, by transmigration,
 The Dean is of the Scottish nation,
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great Montrose
 " Montrose and He are both the same,
 " They only differ in the name,
 " Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
 " Assert their liberties and laws :
 " He 's now the same, Montrose was then,
 " But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen*,
 " A *pen* of so great power, each word
 " Defends beyond the hero's *sword* "

Now words grew high—we can't suppose
 Immortals ever come to blows,
 But, lest unruly passion should
 Degrade them into flesh and blood,
 An *angel* quick from Heaven descends,
 And he at once the contest ends

" Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
 " Ye both mistake the present case,

" One

" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
 " To so much virtue! so much sense
 " Search Heaven's record, and there you'll find,
 " That He was born for all mankind "

EPISTLE to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq
 with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT

BY DR DUNKIN *

TO gratify thy long desire
 (So Love and Piety require),
 From Bindon's† colours you may trace
 The Patriot's venerable face,
 The last, O Nugent! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart,
 For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine),
 That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr Swift N

† Samuel Bindon, esq a celebrated painter N.

He

He only breathes Boeotian air—
 “ Oh! what a falling-off was there!”

Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
 Invention, Wit, and Humour die,
 And what remains against the storm
 Of Malice, but an empty form?
 The nodding ruins of a pile,
 That stood the bulwark of this isle,
 In which the sisterhood was fix'd
 Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
 Impartial Reason, Thought profound,
 And Charity, diffusing round,
 In cheerful rivulets, the flow
 Of Fortune to the sons of woe?

Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
 Endued with each exalted gift
 But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
 Is darken'd by a misty steam
 The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
 The rose is wither'd ere it fell
 That godlike supplement of law,
 Which held the wicked world in awe,
 And could the tide of faction stem,
 Is but a shell without the gem

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
 To build an everlasting fame,
 And, in the field of letter'd arts,
 Display the trophies of your parts,
 To yonder mansion turn aside,
 And mortify your growing pride

Behold

Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan,
By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas !
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the Grave demands his due
Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts,
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds, and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams

Ah ! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean ?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue,
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasure of Peruvian ore ?

Good Christians ! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (so the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,

The cup of sorrow from their lips,
 And fly, like rats from sinking ships
 While some, who by his friendship rose
 To wealth, in concert with his foes,
 Run counter to their former track,
 Like old Actæon's horrid pack
 Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
 To riot on their master's vitals,
 And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
 Attempt to stigmatize his morals,
 Through Scandal's magnifying-glass
 His foibles view, but virtues pass,
 And on the ruins of his fame
 Erect an ignominious name
 So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
 The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
 The founder members traverse o'er,
 But fix and fatten on a fore
 Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
 His wit, his humour, and his style,
 Since all the monsters which he drew
 Were only meant to copy you,
 And, if the colours be not fainter,
 Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.

But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
 Dread arbiter of life and death;
 That He, the moving soul of all,
 The sleeping spirit would recall,
 And crown him with triumphant meeds,
 For all his past heroic deeds,

In mansions of unbroken rest,
 The bright republick of the blest'd !
 Irradiate his benighted mind
 With living light of light refin'd,
 And these the blank of thought employ
 With objects of immortal joy !

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
 Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
 Above the views of private ends,
 The tributary Muse attends,
 To prop his feeble steps, or shed
 The pious tear around his bed

So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
 Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
 Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
 And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT 1765

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
 What added honours can the Sculptor give?
 None — 'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
 Must bid the Sculptor and his Marble live

EPIGRAM occasioned by the above INSCRIPTION

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend,
 And each asserts her Poet, Patriot, Friend
 Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
 That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply
 Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread,
 Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766

B N
 CONTENTS

C O N T E N T S

O F

S W I F T ' S P O E M S.

	Page
O N the Death of Dr Swift	3
An Epistle to two Friends To Dr Hellham	22
To Dr. Sheridan.	23
Dr Hellham's Answer	ibid.
Epigrams	25, 26
To the Rev Dr Swift, with a Present of a Paper-book, finely bound, on his Birth-day, Nov 30, 1732 By John Earl of Orrery.	27
Verfes left with a Silver Standish on the Dean of St Patrick's Desk, on his Birth-day By Dr Delany	28
Verfes occasioned by the foregoing Presents	29
The Beasts' Confession to the Priest, on observing how most men mistake their own Talents	30
Advice to a Parson.	37
The Parson's Case	38
The Hardship upon the Ladies. 1733.	39
A Love Song, in the Modern Taste.	40
On the Words Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians, so familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of the Test-act in Ireland.	41
	The

	Page
The Yahoo's Overthrow, or, The Kevan Bayl's New Ballad upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean	44
On the Archbishop of Cashell and Dr Bettelworth	47
On Poetry a Rhapsody	48
Horace, Book IV Ode XIX imitated To Hum- phry French, Esq	64
A New Simile for the Ladies By Dr Sheridan	67
Answer By Dr Swift	70
A Vindication of the Libel or, A New Ballad, written by a Shoe-boy, on an Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy	76
A Friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace By Way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinson, Esq By James Black-well, Operator for the Feet	78
Dr Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyspilhn	80
Answer By Dr Swift	83
Horace, Part of Book I Sat VI paraphrased	85
On a Printer's being sent to Newgate	87
The Day of Judgement	ibid
Verfes sent to the Dean on his Birth-day, with Pine's Horace, finely bound By Dr J Sican	88
On Psyche	91
The Dean and Duke 1734	ibid
On Dr Rundle, Bishop of Derry	92
Epigram	94
A Character, Panegyrick, and Description of the Legion-club 1736	95
An Apology, &c	103
The Dean's Manner of Living.	109
	Verfes

S W I F T ' S P O E M S 129

	Page
Verſes made for Fruit-women, &c	109
On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel Inſtructions to a Painter	112
Ay and No, a Tale from Dublin	114
Dr Swift's Anſwer to a Friend's Queſtion	ibid
Apollo's Ediſt	115
Epigram	118
Three Epigrams, occaſioned by Dr Swift's intended Hoſpital for Ideots and Lunaticks	ibid
On the Dean of St Patrick's Birth-day, Nov 30, St Andrew's-day.	119
Epistle to Robert Nugent, Eſq with a Picture of Dr Swift By Dr Dunkin	122
Inſcription intended for the Dean's Monument	126
Epigram occaſioned by the above Inſcription	ibid.

E N D O F S W I F T ' S P O E M S

THE
P O E M S
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOME,

WITH
ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS,
Made by the Author in 1743, but not copied
in the Edition of 1750

“ ——— Nos otia vitæ
“ Solamur Cantu.”

STAT.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries
of State, and Knight of the Most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.

1741

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publish the following poems under your patronage. A present, I confess, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it. But, I fear, it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgement, or at best, an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend. It is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character. I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished,

but never obtained, a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity this last action speaks you truly great, for that person who, by a voluntary retreat, could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world, must evidently have a soul above it

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham,

“ ——— Where majestically plain
 “ Pure Nature reigns, where varied views from views
 “ Diffusive prospects yield* here shagg'd with woods,
 “ Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks,
 “ And all the gay horizon smiles around
 “ Full of thy Genius! Lo! between yon groves
 “ The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul
 “ Of its great master, rising overlooks
 “ The subject regions, and commands the charms
 “ Of many a pleasing landscape, to the eye
 “ Delightful change! here groves of softest shade
 “ Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view
 “ A sylvan theatre! while Nature's hand
 “ Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
 “ Her choicest blessings See! where yonder lake
 “ Spreads its wide liquid plain now stands unmov'd,
 “ Pure as th' expanse of heaven, and heaven reflects
 “ From its broad-glittering mirror, now with waves

* See Mr Thomson's excellent poems.

“ Curl'd

" Curl'd gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
" That grace its banks! in state the snowy swans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
" Innumeros, native or exotic, cleave
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining lawns
" Obverted to the southern suns, the deer
" Wide-spreading graze, or starting bound away
" In crowds, then turning, silent stand, and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties, Rainham, such the haunts
" Of angels, in primæval guiltless days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God "

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly no part of your life lies heavy upon you, there is no uneasy vacancy in it, it is all filled up with study, exercise, or polite amusement here you shine in the most agreeable, though not most strong and dazzling light In your public station you commanded admiration and honour, in your private, you attract love and esteem The nobler parts of your life will be the subject of the historian, and the actions of the great statesman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals but the affectionate father, the indulgent master, the condescending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be described by those who have the pleasure and happiness to see you act in all those relations I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character, but am sensible that no

portion of your time is so ill spent as in reading what I write I will therefore only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

M Y L O R D,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

Fulham in Norfolk,
1739

WILLIAM BROOME

P R E F A C E.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt, if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write, and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems, all human works must fall short of perfection, and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility. however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them. I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating, I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic, that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my

remarks

remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the *Iliad*, and entirely upon the *Odyssey*

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning, it was particularly necessary, authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages. it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and restored to their original purity. In this consists the office of critics, but, instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures, and from this licence arise most of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions. whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered, and every stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author. and therefore, since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism, it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the transposition of a phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weedeers

weeders of an author, they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best a mighty attainment! And yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said, it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author, if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the ancients, than those ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy, as always to choose the most proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? It embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with

Sir

Sir Henry Saville, that various lessons are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress, he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgement Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author, he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try *Offensive and malicious Critics.* they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise, they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its bright-

brightness it is a crime with them to excel, they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed, that of the critic in viewing

“ ————— Di jectis membra Poetæ ”

HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the antients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise, a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcass to a living body, and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation. their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit,

merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him such critics are like dead coals, they may blacken, but cannot burn These writers bring to my memory a passage in the *Iliad*, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth but by the attempt they only betray their own inability, Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures 'it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence, that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation, we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult, and contend for truth, not victory and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought
to

to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime, and where is the mighty advantage, it, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons, but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much
mercy

mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity. But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path, where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey. I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it, how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over-sollicitous about it, he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave, what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting, they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.

P O E M S

BY

DR. B R O O M E.

H A B B A K K U K,

C H A P III P A R A P H R A S E D.

An ODE, written in 1710, as an Exercise.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his
 Borne on a cherub's wings he rode, [way;
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God,
 No earthly cloud
 Could his effulgent brightness shroud
 Glory, and majesty, and power,
 March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
 Behind, a grim and meagre train,
 Pining sickness, frantic pain,
 Stalk'd widely on ' with all the dismal band,
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

With terror cloath'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view,
Through half the nations of th' astonish'd earth
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!

VOL. XLIV.

L

And

And when he spoke,
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook,
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence struck, confess'd the God
On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
Grasping omnipotence in his right hand,
'Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the sun darken'd as he frown'd
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confusion from his rear,
They through the tents of Cushan ran,
The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with despair
I see! his sword wave naked in the air,
It sheds around a baleful ray,
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When through the mighty flood
He led the murmuring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he against the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty flood! displeas'd at thee?

VARIATION.

- * I see his sword wave with redoubled ire,
Ah! has it set the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burst down in deluges of showers,
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The

The flood beheld from far
 The deity in all his equipage of war;
 And lo! at once it bursts! in diverse falls
 On either hand! it swells in crystal walls!
 Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves
 Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!
 Why tremble ye, O faithless! to behold
 The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
 Enter the dreadful chasms! 'tis God, who guides
 Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
 And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
 Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!
 Advance, ye chosen tribes! — Arabia's sands
 Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
 Void of fountain, void of rain,
 Oppose their burning coasts in vain!
 See! the great prophet stand,
 Waving his wonder-working wand!
 He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!
 The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
 His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow

*Then did the sun his fiery couriers stay,
 And backward held the falling day.

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!
 Sun, stand thou still, thou moon, thy course forbear!
 Ah, sun, thy wheels obedient stay,
 Doubling the splendors of the wondrous day.

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy hours on
 Time hung his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year,
 Stopp'd in their full career
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down,
 And paler grew,
 The dismal scene to view,
 How through the trembling Pagan nation,
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghastly desolation

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
 Wide wasting havock o'er thy plains?
 Ah, me! destruction is abroad!
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God!
 See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
 See! slaughter marks in blood his way!

The nimble footed minutes cease to run
 And urge the lazy hours on
 Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stop in their full career,
 At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows,
 To view th' amazing train of woes,
 While through the trembling Pagan nation,
 Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghastly desolation.

See!

See! how embattled Babylon
 Like an unruly deluge rushes on!
 Lo! the field with millions swarms!
 I hear their shouts! their clashing arms!
 Now the conflicting hosts engage,
 With more than mortal rage! ——
 Oh! heaven! I faint —— I die! ——
 The yielding powers of Israel fly! ——
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls! ——
 Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
 What pangs for thee I feel!
 Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' scorn,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel!
 A shivering damp invades my heart,
 A trembling horror shoots through every part;
 My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo
 Speechless I sigh! the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain
 Forbids my faltering tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel!

Yet though the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
 Though vines delude the promise of the year,
 Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;
 Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall,

Yet shall my grateful strings
 For ever praise thy name,
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of kings

T O B E L I N D A,
 ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
 Or look'd so amiable before !
 You graces give to a disease,
 Adorn the pain, and make it please
 Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
 Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even sickness, which disarms
 All other nymphs, destroy your charms,
 A thousand beauties you can spare,
 And still be farest of the fair

But see ! the pain begins to fly ,
 Though Venus bled, she could not die
 See ! the new Phoenix point her eyes,
 And lovelier from her ashes rise
 Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
 Draw beauties from th' inclement shower

Welcome, ye hours ! which thus repay
 What envious sickness stole away !
 Welcome as those which kindly bring,
 And usher in the joyous spring,

That

That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms, and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise,
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs,
When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
Resign us to our second birth,
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms,
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals dy'd

T O B E L I N D A,
ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS
AND FLOWERS

* **T**HE lifting trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew
But you express a power more great,
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay

V A R I A T I O N

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth
But you display a power more great,
• She calls forth flowers, but you create.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
 The flowers attract, the arms affright;
 The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
 The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
 Their ensigns to the sun display,
 In the same flag are lilies shown,
 And angry lions sternly frown,
 On high the glittering standard flies,
 And conquers all things—like your eyes.

Part of the XXXVIIIth and XXXIXth Chapters of
 J O B.

A P A R A P H R A S E.

NOW from the splendors of his bright abode
 On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode, }
 And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
 Cherubs, and seraphs from celestial bowers,
 Ten thousand thousand! bright, ethereal powers!
 Ministrant round, their radiant files unfold,
 Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold!
 Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
 'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
 He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
 Bade hills subside, and rem'd th' obedient clouds;
 Then from his awful gloom the godhead spoke,
 And at his voice affrighted nature shook.

✱ Vain

Vain man ! who boldly with dim reason's ray
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full day !
 * But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame
 Of all things, from the womb of nothing came,
 When nature's Lord with one Almighty call
 From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball ?
 Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
 Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds ?
 How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky,
 In concert move, and dance in harmony ?
 What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
 When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air ?
 Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
 In shining mazes gently glide away,
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
 Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the shores ?
 By thy command does fair Aurora rise,
 And gild with purple beams the blushing skies,
 The warbling lark salutes her chearful ray,
 And welcomes with his song the rising day,
 The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
 Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
 The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature smiles

VARIATION

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty said,
 Be made, ye worlds ! how worlds at once were made,
 When hosts of angels wiapt in wonder sung
 His praise as order from disorder sprung ?

Why

Why night, in fable rob'd, as day-light fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?
Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in ease,
A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas
* Sleep sheds o'er all his balm¹ to sleep resign'd,
Birds, beasts lie hush'd, and busy human-kind
No air of breath disturbs the drowzy woods,
No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night.
Now clouds swift skimming veil her sullied ray,
† Now bright she blazes with a fuller day.
The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
And fall in silence, and in silence rise
Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The sun springs dancing through the gates of day.
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams.
His fiery couriers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain.

V A R I A T I O N S.

- * No more the monsters of the desert roar,
Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
All, all lie hush'd, and busy human-kind
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And sighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.
† Now bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

The

The fiery courfers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day
Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep,
Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep ?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight ?
Has death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
The ghastly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate ?
Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
Or where the source of everlasting day ?
Say, why the thriving hail with rushing sound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground ?
Why hover snows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees ?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain ?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a sudden spring bestows ?
Say, why with gentle sighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees ?
Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky ?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewless beings, when serene the air ?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driven,
Swell to the starry vault, and dash the heaven.

Know'st

Know'st thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war? }
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies?
Say, can thy voice, when fultry Sirius reigns,
And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
And mitigate the fever of the sky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the skies precipitate in floods,
Chace the dark horror of the storm away,
Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
By thee does summer deck herself with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
Or to the lily give unfulked snow?
Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,

Whose

Whose thousand, times ten thousand lamps display
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canst thou rule the courfers of the sun,
Or lash the lazy sign, Bootes, on?
Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewless winds, and tower the sky?
On founding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
His proud aspiring head among the clouds,
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He sails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
Bears on the sun, and basks in open day
Does the dread King, and terror of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams
* He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours
With sullen majesty he stalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey.
Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
Dost thou with thunder arm the generous horse,
Add nervous limbs, or swiftness for the course?
Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein,

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating storms and wintry showers,
Making night hideous, as he sternly roars.

His

His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
 Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light
 Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' sound,
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground,
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
 Neighs at the captains, shouts, and thunder of the war:
 Rouz'd with the noble din and martial fight,
 He pants with tumults of severe delight.
 His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe.

M E L A N C H O L Y:
 A N O D E.

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter 1723.

A DIEU vain mirth, and noisy joys!
 Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
 Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
 To hide me in thy pensive train!
 If by the fall of murmuring floods,
 Where awful shades embrown the woods,
 Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
 Thou wandere'st silent and alone;
 Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
 In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
 Henceforth, thou Care, my hours employ!
 Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By

BROOME'S POEMS.

By tombs where fullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
'Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!

O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath -
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy,
And, while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost,
Wither'd, and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

Oh!

Oh ! happiness, thou empty name !
 Say, art thou bought by gold or fame ?
 What art thou, gold, but shining earth ?
 Thou, common fame, but common breath ?

If virtue contradict the voice
 Of public fame, applause is noise ;
 Ev'n victors are by conquest curst,
 The bravest warrior is the worst

Look round on all that man below
 Idly calls great, and all is show !
 All, to the coffin from our birth,
 In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
 With solemn pace, demure, and slow .
 Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue
 Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu !

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS

A PASTORAL,

They sing the different Success and Absence of their
Loves.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount
TOWNSHEND, of Rainham in Norfolk

—"Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ" VIRG

DAPHNIS

HOW calm the evening! see the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees,
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes
The timorous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze
See! how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and sail along in state!
Thy frisking flocks safe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain
Begin——Ye echoes listen to the song,
And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS

Sing, Muse—and oh! may Townshend deign to view
 What the Muse sings, to Townshend this is due!¹
 Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
 From all the world illustriously retires,
 And, calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
 By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
 Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains stray,
 Charm every thought of idle pomp away,
 Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state,
 In private happy, as in public great

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
 The burthen and repose of half mankind,
 Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
 'The world forgot, beneath the laurel shade,
 Nor longer would be great, but, void of strife,
 Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life

Feed round, my goats, ye sheep, in safety graze,
 Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh! ambrosial showers
 Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
 The flowers blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
 The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the blossoms shoot,
 The knitting blossoms harden into fruit;
 And as the autumn by degrees ensues,
 The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues

LYCIDAS

When the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
The bloomy beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie

DAPHNIS

Severe the storms! when shuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds
Oh! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more severe than storms!

LYCIDAS

Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers,
But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
When she I love, my charmer, is away

DAPHNIS

To savage rocks, through bleak inclement skies,
Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair-one flies
Oh! virgin, cease to fly! th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms!—but thou hast charms to spare!

LYCIDAS

I love, and ever shall my love remain,
The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain,
With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS

With a feign'd passion, she I love, beguiles,
 And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles,
 But let her still those blest deceits employ,
 Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
 Gods! how transported I, and she how kind!
 There rise, ye flowers, and there your pride display,
 There shed your odours where the fair-one lay!

DAPHNIS

Once, as my fair-one in the rosy bower
 In gentle slumbers pass'd the noon-tide hour,
 Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss
 At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss
 She wak'd, when conscious smiles, but ill repress'd,
 Spoke no disdain!—Was ever swain so blest?

LYCIDAS

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
 In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow
 The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
 Fled, till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid
 She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
 She would offend a thousand times a day!

DAPHNIS

O'er the steep mountain, and the pathless mead,
 From my embrace the lovely scorned fled,

But stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell.
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS

From me my fair-one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay,
But laugh'd, and show'd by the directing sound
She only hid, in secret to be found

DAPHNIS

Far hence to happier chimes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays,
Oh! to these plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear!

LYCIDAS

Come, Delia, come! till Delia bless these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hoarse groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From sultry fens, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep!

LYCIDAS.

If streams smooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
If the gay rose, or lily, please thy sight,

Smooth

Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow!

DAPHNIS

Aid me, ye Muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around,
And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound

LYCIDAS

Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS

But see! the night disp'ays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glittering plain,
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoaking floods:
* Haste, Daphnis, haste to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

VARIATION.

* Haste, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,
TRANSLATED

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend ! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race,
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a God

The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise,
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold,
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades,
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor !

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines, and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war,
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their sons to arms and death.

The sportsman, tram'd in forms, defies
The chilling blast, and freezing skies
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads! along the plain
The stag he chases, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils

For * you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows,
Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a God, and mount the skies

Humbly in breezy shades I stray
Where Sylvans dance, and Satyrs play;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name,
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the towering Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies

* Te Doctarum Hedera, &c.

A N E P I S T L E

To my Friend Mr ELIJAH FENTON, Author of
Marianne, a Tragedy. 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
 Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
 If thy proud Muse the tragic buskin wears,
 Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
 While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
 Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings
 If by thy hand th' *Homeric lyre be strung,
 The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung
 The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
 And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay,
 Then listening groves once more shall catch the sound,
 While Grecian Muses sing on British ground

Thus calm and silent thy own †Proteus roves
 Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves,
 But when, emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands th' unwilling God constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tongue speaks ~~sublime~~, what heaven inspires

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
 What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades,

* Mr Fenton translated four books of the *Odyssæy*

† See the story of Proteus, *Odyssæy*, lib. 4 translated by
 Mr Fenton.

And critics, biass'd by mistaken rules,
 Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame.
 Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
 And rises amid monsters into day.
 Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
 While noble scorn, my friend, such insult fees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
 That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness, and learned ease
 Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodness grant!
 A king is less illustrious than a saint
 Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly guest,
 Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
 * Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy chearful men
 Proclaims the innocence and peace within,
 Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,
 Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
 And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God,

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'st her power, my friend, &c.

Celestial radiance every feature shed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head

Sure what th' unthinking Great mistaken call
Their happiness, is folly, folly all !
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride,
And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend !
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend
Th' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines,
Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines
Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast ?
Not that he 's highest, but because he 's best,
Fond to oblige, in blessing others, blest

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold !
The shining dirt the fordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares,
Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill .
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main,
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but cut rush'd a wind,
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores

O heaven ! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd !

Blindly

Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
 And hates confinement, though in paradise,
 Doorn'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bowers,
 To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers,
 Between th' extremes, direct he sees the way,
 Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
 Rich without bounty, with abundance curst,
 The Prodigal pursues expensive vice,
 And buys dishonour at a mighty price,
 On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
 While starving Merit unregarded weeps
 His ill-plac'd bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
 A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives,
 And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
 What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair

Then would'st thou steer where fortune spreads the
 sails?

Go, flatter vice! for seldom flattery fails
 Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distills
 Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
 Be all but virtuous Oh! unwise to live
 Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive!
 Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
 Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
 Blest with the conscience of a life well-spent!

Nor

Nor would't be great, but guide thy gather'd sails,
 Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales,
 For sure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
 None are completely wretched but the great
 Superior woes, superior stations bring,
 A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king
 Who reigns, must suffer ! crowns with gems inlaid
 At once adorn and load the royal head
 Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
 Swept from the earth the pageants of a day,
 There no distinctions on the dead await,
 But pompous graves, and rottenness in state
 Such now are all that shone on earth before,
 Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more !
 Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
 And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead,
 And all the glomous aims that can employ
 The soul of mortals, must with Hammer die
 O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
 My dust shall be as eloquent as thine !

Till that last hour which calls me hence away
 To pay that great arrear, which all must pay,
 Oh ! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
 Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God !
 Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
 Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep
 Come, taste, my friend ! the joys retirement brings,
 Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings

More

More happy! laid where trees with trees entwined
 In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
 With innocence and shade like Adam blest,
 While a new Eden opens in the breast!
 Such were the scenes descending angels trod
 In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God.
 Then shall my lyre to softer sounds be strung,
 Inspir'd by *Homer, or what thou hast sung
 My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray,
 As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
 With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
 High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

A D I A L O G U E

Between a LADY and her LOOKING-GLASS, while
 she had the Green-Sickness.

THE gay Ophelia, view'd her face
 In the clear crystal of her glass,
 The lightning from her eye was fled,
 Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown,—
 Art thou, false thing, perfidious grown?
 I never could have thought, I swear,
 To find so great a slanderer there!

* Dr Broom translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

False thing! thy malice I defy!
 Beaux vow I 'm fair—who never lye.
 More brittle far than brittle thou,
 Would every grace of woman grow,
 If charms so great so soon decay,
 The bright possession of a day!
 But this I know, and thus declare,
 That thou art false, and I am fair

The glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
 And thus with angry tone reply'd

No more to me of falsehood talk,
 But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
 'Tis true, you 're meagre, pale, and wan,
 The reason is, you 're sick for man —

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
 And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
 With fury from her arm it fled,
 And round a glittering ruin spread;
 When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,
 Pale looks in every fragment rose,
 Around the room instead of one,
 An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
 Away the frightened virgin flew,
 And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
 With snuff, and nonsense, dance, and song,

Ye men of compliment and lace!
 Behold this image in the glass
 The wondrous force of flattery prove,
 To cheat fond virgins into love
 Though pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
 With the vermilion of the rose
 Praise them—for praise is always true,
 Though with both eyes the cheat they view
 From hateful truths the virgin flies,
 But the false sex is caught with lyes

A P O E M
 ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

Chiefly with relation to the Sieges.

With the Praise of PEACE and RETIREMENT

Written in 1710

“*Secessus mei non desidæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant*”

PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria, on whose fertile plains,
 In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns,
 Happy! had heaven bestow'd one blessing more,
 And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power!
 But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
 They but invite the victor to subdue
 War, horrid war, the sylvan scene invades,
 And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades;
 Here shatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
 Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;

VOL XLIV.

N

There

There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins, awful in decay !
Thy very dust, though undistinguish'd ti^od,
Compos'd, perhaps, some hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood !
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And death's dark mansions wide disclose to air
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead

See ! the Britannic lions wave in air !
See ! mighty Marlborough breathing death and war !
From Albion's shores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands
As when in wrath stern Mars the thunderer sends
To scourge his foes, in pomp the God descends ;
He mounts his iron car, with fury burns ;
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns,
Gloomy he grasps his adamantin^e shield,
And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
See ! round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embodied bands by bands !
Hark ! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground,
The furly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war,
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies,

The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with death,
 In fiery storms descends a murderous shower,
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
 As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
 Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
 The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
 And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial towers,
 So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
 Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
 Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
 The shape of man half bury'd in the wound
 And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
 While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
 The treacherous earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves,
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering sound,
 Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
 Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
 Bears magazines of death within its womb,

The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
 And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
 * It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
 Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways,
 † Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise
 From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole,
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain,
 Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
 Ram from their brazen mouths an iron shower,
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
 Hews through the deathful breach his desperate way?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil,
 Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?

VARIATIONS.

- * Ev'n the stein souls of heroes feel dismay,
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way.
 Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
 It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
 The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire
 † The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Thus

Thus, when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
 Level'd the structures of imperial Troy,
 Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base
 Though brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds;
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with Gods

Ah ! what new horrors rise ? In deep array
 The squadrons form ! aloft the standards play !
 The captains draw the sword ! on every brow
 Determin'd valour lowers ! the trumpets blow !
 See ! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
 Through the hard entrails of the stubborn mound !
 And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades
 Through dreadful horrors of infernal shades !
 In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies,
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies !
 Lo ! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
 Like the Cadmean host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
 And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
 Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves
 Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves,
 High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
 His wandering flock, and tunes the sprightly reed
 Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
 And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies,

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shady bowers, and never-fading greens !
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms,
Hail, ye soft seats ! ye limpid springs and floods !
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods !
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow !
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow !
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play !
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay !

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays,
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields ;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave returning as to rest ;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes, whence it came,
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots ! ye awful solemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great !
Happy ! if by the wife and learn'd lov'd,
But happiest above all, if self-approv'd !

Content with ease, ambitious to despise
 Illustrious vanity, and glorious vice !
 Come, thou chaste maid, here ever let me stray,
 While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away,
 Here court the Muses, while the sun on high
 Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky
 Or while the night's dark wings thus globe furround,
 And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
 Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
 Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
 And with a regular confusion stray
 Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way
 Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
 Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
 Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
 Consult the learned volumes of the dead,
 Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
 Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew
 Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
 The sons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days
 And lo ! with haughty stalk the warrior treads !
 Stern legislators frowning lift their heads !
 I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
 Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars !
 Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
 While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves,* with softer themes,
 With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames •

* The Holy Scriptures.

Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd.
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove,
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?
Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, descending angels sing,
And mighty Seraphs shout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh! ye dumb! and oh! ye dead, arise!
Tremble, ye gates of hell! In noblest strains
Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of transient life, in no unuseful ease!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day,
Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear,

Tell me, ye victors, what strange charms ye find
 In conquest, that destruction of mankind !
 Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
 That never flourish but in human woe,
 If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
 Till drench'd in heroes' blood, or orphans' tears.

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
 His fable warriors on th' embattled plain,
 Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
 And pour in millions from her frozen skies
 Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful streams,
 Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames
 In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlborough, stay,
 There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away :
 Guardian of England ! born to scourge her foes,
 Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose ;
 Sink down, ye hills, eternal rocks, subside ;
 Vanish, ye forts, thou, ocean, drain thy tide
 We safety boast, defended by thy fame,
 And arms—in the terror of thy name !
 Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade
 War, be thou chain'd ! ye streams of blood, be stay'd !
 Though wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
 She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.

So Pallas with her javelin smote the the ground,
 And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in
Eyre of all His Majesty's Forests, Chafes, Parks, and
Warrens, on the South Side of Trent

——— δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι

Μνημα ———

Odyssey, Lib 15.

O THOU whose virtues sanctify thy state!
O great, without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act with elegance and ease!
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows,
And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground,
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow

A D D I T I O N.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave,
Loyal, yet free, a subject, not a slave,
Say, &c

Thus

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement shower;
And, when the fury of the storm is laid,
Repay's with sweets the hospitable shade

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure¹
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost,
But you with speed forbid distress to grieve
He gives by halves,* who hesitates to give

Thus, when an angel views mankind distress'd,
He feels compassion pleading in his breast,
Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
And, pleas'd to save, on wings of lightning flies †

A D D I T I O N

† Few know to ask, or decently receive,
And fewer still with dignity to give
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boisterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

* The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

Some the vain promises of courts betray,
And gayly straying, they are pleas'd to stray,
The flattering nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes,
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain
At length when years invidiously destroy
The power to taste the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious sheds her golden showers,
Malignly smiles, and curses him who sows.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep,
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead,
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rite

With

With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes

THE ROSE-BUD

To the Right Honourable the Lady JANE
WHARTON

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !
The winter 's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of spring
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers,
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose !

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !
Arise, ye flowery race, arise !

And

And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose !

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die.
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BELINDA AT THE BATH

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bad the soft waters heal, and blest the flood,
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow ! for her, the lover dies

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all-conquering gold !

No more the * Po' whose wandering waters stray,
In mazy errors, through the starry way
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

T H E C O Y
A N O D E.

L OVE is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more refrains,
The glutton surfeits, and disdains

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows
The tears deceive, the vows betray,
He conquers, and contemns the prey

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight,
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

* " —Eridanum cernes in parte locatum colli "

Tell in Arateis.

" Gurgite sidereo subteritur Oriona." Claud.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
 Seem but half kind, when most you love.
 Damon pursues, if Cælia flies,
 But when her love is born, his dies

Had Danae the young, the fair,
 Been free and unconfin'd as air,
 Free from the guards and brazen tower,
 She 'd ne'er been worth a golden shower

To the Honourable
 MRS ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,
 Afterwards Lady CORNWALLIS,
 ON HER PICTURE, AT RAINHAM.

————— *περίσσει γυναικῶν*
Εἶδος τ' ἰδὲ φρένας

Odysey, Lib 18.

AH! cruel hand, that could such power employ
 To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
 Singly she charm'd before, but by his skill
 The living beauty and her likeness kill!
 Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
 A face in all is seen, and charms in all!

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race,
 What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
 Whose very shadow can such flames inspire,
 We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See!

See! with false life the lovely image glows,
 And every wondrous grace transplanted shows,
 Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
 Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains
 Hence the fond youth, that ease by absence found,
 Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound,
 Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven she soar'd,
 Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd

Oh! wondrous power of mingled light and shades!
 Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades,
 Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
 And animated colours look a thought
 Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
 It copies all Omnipotence creates
 Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
 There the proud seas with all their billows rise
 If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
 The breathing figures live throughout the draught,
 The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
 Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves
 Ev'n heaven it climbs, and from the forming hands
 An angel here, and there a *Townshend stands

Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature strive,
 Though ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
 Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught,
 Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault

* Now Lady Cornwallis.

Charms, such as hers, imitably great,
 He only can express, that can create
 Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
 Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
 Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
 Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still !

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
 The faint resemblance of the glittering sky,
 Another sun displays his less'n'd beams,
 Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd streams
 But though the scene be fair, yet high above
 Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move,
 There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
 A deluge of imitable day

T O M R P O P E,
 O N H I S W O R K S 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 And speaking marble, to record their praise;
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone,
 Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day !
 'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise,
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust,
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt Thou and Homer die;

When

When sink together in the world's last fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every scene with native brightness shines,
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art,
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld, and, taught by heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death, as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns,
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky,
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the God in fight.

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores,
 Tremble the towers of heaven, earth rocks her coast.,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts
 To every theme responds thy various lay,
 Here pours a torrent, there meanders play
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies,
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away, and die
 How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
 The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!
 When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to shove,
 The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce move,
 But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
 Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the ground.
 Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
 Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 The vale you paint, or gild the azure way,
 And, while with every theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashes, rise

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing!
 Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Adventrous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire

* The author translated eight books of the *Odyſſey*

So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might
Like theirs our friendship¹ and I boast my name
To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the *wand, and all the hero lost,
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old-age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
No longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind
But you, like Pallas, every limb unfold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold,
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies
Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws,
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away

* See the 16th *Odyssey*, ver 186, and 476.

Part of the TENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of
HOMER

In the Style of MILTON

NOW high advanc'd the night, o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm, restless alone
Atides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in storms
Of hail or snow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar, through all the kindling skies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast,
And shake his inmost soul round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful, through his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of sife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
Strikes him dismay'd Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes

Thus groans the thoughtful king, at length resolves
To seek the Pylia sage, in wise debate
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet

Glitter'd

Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals o'er his back
 A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
 With hideous grace down to his ankles hung,
 Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glittering spear

With equal care was Menelaus tofs'd
 Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
 Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
 Stem'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
 Confronting death A leopard's spotted spoils
 Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
 Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear
 Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
 To wake the king of men, him wak'd he found
 Clasp'ing his posh'd arms, with rising joy
 The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun -

Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'st thou some spy
 To view the Trojan host? Alas! I fear
 Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious war
 Shrink at the bold design! This task demands
 A soul resolv'd, to pass the gloom of night,
 And 'midst her legions search the powers of Troy.

O prince, he cries, in this disastrous hour
 Greece all our counsel claims, now, now demands
 Our deepest cares! the power omnipotent
 Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
 On Hector's incense Heavens! what son of fame,
 Renown'd in story, e'er such deeds achiev'd
 In a whole life, as in one glorious day
 This favourite of the skies? and yet a man!

A mortal ! born to die ! but such his deeds
As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn — But haste, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus we wake
Ourself the Pylian sage, to keep the guards
On duty, be his care, for o'er the guards
His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold

But say, rejoins the prince, these orders borne,
There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,
To thee return ? ——— No more return, replies
The king of hosts, lest treading different ways
We meet no more, for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms,
Teach them to emulate their godlike fires,
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And share a foldier's cares the proudest king
Is but exalted dust, and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a sad preheminnence of woes.

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
His step majestic on his couch he found
The hoary warrior, all around him lay
His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
And scarf of various dye with these array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files, for, with a brave disdain,
Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.

Sudden

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
 Thus to the king aloud, What art thou, say?
 Why in the camp alone? while others sleep,
 Why wandere'st thou obscure the midnight hours?
 Seek'st thou some centinel, or absent friend?
 Speak instant!—Silent to advance, is death!

O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
 Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st,
 A prince, the most unhappy of mankind,
 Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
 Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death
 Pensive I wander through the damp of night,
 Through the cold damp of night, distress'd! alone!
 And sleep is grown a stranger to my eyes
 The weight of all the war, the load of woes
 That presses every Greek, united falls
 On me——the cares of all the host are mine!
 Grief discomposes, and distracts my thoughts,
 My restless panting heart, as if it strove
 To force its prison, beats against my sides!
 My strength is fail'd, and even my feet refuse
 To bear so great a load of wretchedness!

But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
 Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
 Useful, the thought unfold but rise, my friend,
 Visit with me the watches of the night;
 Lest tir'd they sleep, while Troy with all her war
 Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
 Arms her proud bands Arise, my friend, arise!

To

To whom the Pylia Think not, mighty king,
 Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views,
 A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
 Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
 Dreadful Achilles shines But now thy steps
 Nestor attends Be it our care to wake
 Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
 Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
 Oilean Ajax To the ships that guard
 Outmost the camp, some other speed his way
 To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king
 But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
 Of Merelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
 Shall stop my free rebuke Sleep is a crime
 When Agamemnon wakes, on him it lies
 To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
 To act the men. this hour claims all our cares.

Reserve, rejoins the king, for future hours
 Thy generous anger Seems the royal youth
 Remiss? 'tis not through indolence of soul,
 But deference to our power, for our commands
 He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
 This night disdaining rest, his steps he bent
 To our pavilion now th' illustrious peers,
 Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
 Before the gates haste, Nestor, haste away

To whom the sage well pleas'd In such brave hands
 No Greek will envy power with loyal joy
 Subjects obey, when men of worth command

He

He added not, but o'er his manly breast
 Flung a rich robe beneath his royal feet
 The glittering sandals shone. a soft, large vest,
 Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
 Graceful adorn'd tipt with a star of brass
 A ponderous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
 To wake sage Ithacus Aloud his voice
 He rais'd his voice was heard, and from his tent
 Instant Ulysses sprung; and why, he cry'd,
 Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
 What new distress invades?—Forgive my cares,
 Reply'd the hoary sage, for Greece I wake,
 Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent.
 But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet,
 This, this one night determines flight or war.

Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield,
 And strode along, and now they bend their way
 To wake the brave Tydides him they found
 Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in shining arms,
 And round, his brave companions of the war.
 Their shields sustain'd their heads, erect their spears
 Shot through th' illumin'd air a streaming ray,
 Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
 Thus slept the chief beneath him on the ground
 A savage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
 A splendid carpet bore The slumbering king
 The Pylian gently with these words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's rest
 Suits with the brave! and sleep'st thou, while proud Troy
 Hangs

Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake!

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This soft reply Oh! cruel to thy age,
Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unweary'd man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years!

'Tis true, he cry'd, my subjects and my sons
Might ease a fire, and King but rest's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country stands
Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
Important space! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
But, since an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haste, generous youth, with speed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oilean Ajax —Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils
Of a huge tawny lion, with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung fierce in his hand
He grasp'd a glittering spear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they fate, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
When the stern lion, furious for his prey,
Rushes through crashing woods, and on the fold
Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled cries
Of men and hounds alarm, to every sound
Faithful they turn. so through the gloom of night
They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.
Now

Now met th' illustrious synod, down they fate,
 Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood
 Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
 His mighty arm, when the dark veil of night
 Sable'd the pole To whom thus Nestor spoke.

Lives there a son of fire so nobly brave,
 That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
 To seize some string'g foe? or learn what Troy
 Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
 Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 Lend her proud legions? Oh! what fame would crown
 The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
 Above the sons of men! And what rewards
 Should he receive! From every grateful peer
 A bullock, and lamb, of highest worth
 Memorial, to a brave, heroic heart
 The noblest prize! and at the social feast
 Amongst the great, be his the seat of fame

Abash'd they fate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
 Not so Tydides unappall'd he rose,
 And nobly spoke! My soul! Oh! reverend sage,
 Fires at the bold design, through yon black host
 Venturous I bend my way, but, if his aid
 Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
 To nobler heights the wife by mutual aid
 Instruct the wife, and brave men fire the brave

Fierce at the word upstart'd from the ground
 The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
 And Thrasymedes, sons of war nor fate

The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
 Nor greater Ithacus, his manly heart
 Swell'd at the view of fame —— Elate with joy
 Atrides saw, and oh! thou best of friends,
 Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
 Chuse thou the valiantest when merit pleads,
 Titles no deference claim, High birth and state
 To valour yield, and worth is more than power

Thus, fearing for his brother, spoke the king,
 Not long! for Diomed dispels his fears

Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,
 The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd;
 The man, whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
 Ulysses, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid,
 Though thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
 Oppose in vain, his wisdom points the way.

Nor praise, nor blame, the hero strait replies,
 You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know
 But haste, swift roll the hours of night, the morn
 Already hastens to display her beams,
 And in the vault of heaven the stars decay

Swift at the word they breathe their manly limbs
 Horrid in arms a two-edg'd sword and shield
 Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave,
 A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
 No cone adorn'd it, and no plummy crest
 Wav'd in the air a quiver and a bow,
 And a huge faulchon, great Ulysses bears,

The

The gift of Merion on his head an helm
 Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
 With many a thong, without, in dreadful rows
 The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar
 Grinn'd horrible Thus arm'd, away they stalk
 Undaunted o'er their heads the martial maid
 Sends on the right an her'n, the ambient gloom
 Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
 They hear the clangor of his sounding wings
 Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
 And thus to Pallas Offspring of dread Jove,
 Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
 Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
 Where'er I move, now thy celestial aid,
 Now, goddess, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
 Deeds that all Troy may weep, may we return
 In safety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!

Tydidēs caught the word, and oh! he cries,
 Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
 As to my fire! He by the gulphy flood
 Of deep Æfopus left th' embattled bands
 Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
 Bore terms of peace, but as from haughty Thebes
 Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
 His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care
 Thus guard his offspring, Oh! stern queen of arms;
 So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
 Young and untam'd, to thee her blood I pour,
 And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold

Thus

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer,
Then, like two lions through the shades of night,
Dauntless they stride along, and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and
death

* Nor pass they far, e'er the sagacious eye
Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe
Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed

See! o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to spoil the slain! or to our host
Comes he a spy? Beyond us o'er the field
'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
Rush we precipitant but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
To force him on our lines, left hid in shades,
Through the dusk air he re-escape to Troy

Then couching to the ground, ambush'd they lay
Behind a hill of slain onward the spy
Incessant mov'd he pass'd, and now arose
The fierce pursuers Dolon heard the sound
Of trampling feet, and panting, listening stood,
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! swift along the shores
He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
They still pursued as when two skilful hounds
Chace o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the sheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!

So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy
 Turn'd the swift foe now nigh the fleet they flew,
 Now almost mingled with the guards, when lo!
 The martial goddess breath'd heroic flames
 Fierce on Tydides' soul the hero fear'd
 Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
 And ravish half the glories of the night
 Furious he shook his lance, and, Stand, he cry'd,
 Stand, or thou dy'ft then sternly from his arm
 Launch'd the wild spear, wilful the javelin err'd,
 But, whizzing o'er his shoulder, deep in earth
 Stood quivering, and he quaking stopp'd aghast;
 His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd,
 He seem'd the bloodless image of pale fear
 Panting the spy they seize, who thus with tears
 Abject intreats- Spare me, oh! spare, he cries,
 My hoary sire your mercy shall repay,
 Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
 With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with gold

To whom Ulysses artfully Be bold
 Far hence the thought of death! but instant say
 Why thus alone in the still hours of night
 While every eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain
 Com'st thou rapacious? or some mighty spy
 By Hector sent? or has thy venturous mind
 Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?

By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,
 Returns the spy, (full as he spoke he shook)

I come unwilling the refulgent car
 He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
 To fight, the great Achilles thus betray'd,
 Through the dun shades of night I bend my way
 Unprosperous, to explore the tented host
 Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
 Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms
 Precipitant desert the shores of Troy.

To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns
 Bold were thy arms, O youth! But those proud steeds,
 Restive, disdain the use of vulgar hands,
 Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
 Of battle roars, subdues them to the rein
 Reluctant But this night where Hector sleeps
 Faithful disclose Where stand the warrior's steeds?
 Where lie his arms and implements of war?
 What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
 Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
 Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 Transfer the war?—To these demands, he cries,
 Faithful my tongue shall speak The peers of Troy
 Hector in council meets round Ilus' tomb
 Apart from noise they stand no guards surround
 The spacious host where through the gloom yon fires
 Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy,
 Secure th' auxiliars sleep, no tender cares
 Of wife or son disturb their calm repose,
 Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores.

But

But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the sage, or join the powers of Troy?

Along the sea-beat shores, returns the spy,
The Leleges and Carians stretch their files,
Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie, on the Thymbrean plain
The Lycians and the Myfians in array
Spread their deep ranks There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
But why this nice enquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to search the host of Troy,
There in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds
With glittering silver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames, gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—But to your tents
Unhappy me convey, or bound with chains,
Fast bound with cruel chains, sad on the shores
Here leave me captive, till you safe return,
And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds.

To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies.
Though every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'st would'st thou once more return
Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe,
New war on Greece? Traytor, thou dy'st, nor more
New war thou wagest, nor return'st a spy.

He spoke terrific and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck descends, the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain, down drops the
head,

And mutters unintelligible sounds
Straight they despoil the dead the wolf's grey hide
They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow.
These, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulysses rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
Thus lowly consecrates Stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive these arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddess, thee
Chiefly I call Direct our prosperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through streams of
blood

They move along now reach the Thracian bands
All hush'd in sleep profound, their shining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air Chariot and horse
By every Thracian stood Rhesus their king
Slept in the center of the circling bands,
And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulysses through the gloom descry'd
The sleeping king, and lo! he cries, the steeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Describ'd by Dolon. Now, oh! now, thy strength
Dauntless

Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds,
 Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughtering hands
 Invade the soldiery He spoke, and now
 The Queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' foul
 With all her martial fires his reeking blade
 On every side dealt fate, low, hollow groans
 Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimson field
 Well'd from the slain As in his nightly haunts
 The furling lion rushes on the fold
 Of sheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
 So he the Thracian bands Twelve by his sword
 Lay breathless on the ground behind him stood
 Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior flew,
 Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
 Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
 Impatient of the dead Now o'er the king
 He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
 His heaving chest he wak'd not, but a dream
 By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts,
 A visionary warrior frowning stood
 Fast by his head, and his aerial sword
 Plung'd through his labouring breast Mean while the
 steeds
 The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow
 Drives through the sleeping ranks: Then to his friend
 Gave signals of retreat; but nobler deeds
 He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
 Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-born
 High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
 Th' ensanguin'd field; when, lo! the Martial Maid,

Down rushes from the battlements of heaven,
 And sudden cries, Return, brave chief, return,
 Left from the skies some guardian power of Troy
 Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands

Thus speaks the Warrior Queen the heavenly voice
 Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
 Observant of the high command, the bow
 Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
 Scourg'd the proud steeds, the steeds flew o'er the plain.

A P A S T O R A L,

To a Young LADY, upon her leaving, and return to,
 the Country

D A M O N

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
 Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
 See! from the clouds the spring descends in showers,
 The painted vallies laugh with rising flowers
 Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs,
 The spring, flowers, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

F L O R U S.

But vain the pleasure which the season yields,
 The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
 No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow,
 Smile not, ye flowers, no more, soft breezes, blow
 Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
 The cruel, lovely Rosalinda roves,

DAMON.

D A M O N

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
 Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods,
 Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride,
 And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd
 For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening buds
 Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods,
 For thee the lily shed her snowy pride,
 For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd

F L O R U S

See! where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
 Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves,
 There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
 Both to the rising and the falling day
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
 With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

D A M O N.

Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
 Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs,
 Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
 How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

F L O R U S

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
 That visit various lands through various roads,

Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

D A M O N

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

F L O R U S

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns,
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love!

D A M O N

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs, in floods descend, ye tears!

F L O R U S

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

D A M O N

Ah! shield her, heaven! your rage, ye beasts, forbear!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear!

Adieu,

Adieu, ye meads¹ with her through wilds I go
O'er burning sands, or everlasting snow;
With her I wander through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLORUS.

Come, Rosalind, before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in floods;
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

DAMON

Come, Rosalind, O come, then infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours:
By you, the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;
Each flowery mead, and every tree shall bud,
And fuller honours cloath the youthful wood.

FLORUS

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While sultry funs infect the glowing day.
The sultry funs thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haste away! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON

Hark! from yon bower what airs soft-warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

FLORUS.

FLORUS

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
 And smoothly gliding thines along the groves,
 Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
 A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

DAMON

Shine forth, thou sun, bright ruler of the day;
 And where she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
 Rejoice, ye groves, my heart, dismiss thy cares!
 My Goddess comes, my Rosalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY

'T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
 Could by his verses tame a lion,
 And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons
 His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town,
 But it is plain that in these times
 No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes,
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air,
 Poor are the brethren of the bays,
 Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
 The Muses too are virgins yet,
 And may be—till they portions get.

Yet

Yet full the doating rhymers dreams,
 And sings of Helicon's bright streams,
 But Helicon, for all his clatter,
 Yields only uninspiring water,
 Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
 Of Nectar, and Elysian springs

What dire malignant planet sheds,
 Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
 Lawyers, by endless controversies,
 Consume unthinking clients' purses,
 As Pharoah's kine, which strange and odd is,
 Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade,
 Though patient's die, the doctor's paid:
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
 And love in flowery meads to play,
 An idle crew! whose only trade is
 To shune in trifles, like our ladies,
 In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their votaries, but a laurel wreath

But love rewards the bard! the fair
 Attend his song, and ease his care:

Alas!

Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure, though a Virgil
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
 You nobly swell the lofty strain,
 Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
 Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envy'd prize, a name,
 Great recompence! like him who sells
 A diamond, for beads and bells
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave foldier, in the wars,
 Gets empty praise, and aking scars;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
 And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleasing, direful fight!
 At once you charm us, and affright!
 So heaven destroying angels arms
 With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
 Lovely, but formidably fair,
 When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost,
 By the dire asp, its noblest boast

Aw'd

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
 At distance trembling we adore,
 At distance, once again behold
 A serpent guard the blooming gold

Well pleas'd, and harmless, lo' he lies,
 Basks in the sunshine of your eyes,
 Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
 The gay confusion of his curls

Oh ! happy on your breast to lie,
 As that bright * star that gilds the sky,
 Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
 Would, for your breast, his heaven resign

Yet, oh ! fair virgin, caution take,
 Lest some bold cheat assume the snake
 When Jove compress'd the †Grecian dame,
 Aloof he threw the lightning's flame,
 On radiant spires the lover rode,
 And in the snake conceal'd the God.

TO A L A D Y O F T H I R T Y.

N O more let youth its beauty boast,
 S———n at Thirty reigns a toast,
 And, like the sun as he declines,
 More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

* The Scorpion

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.

The hand of Time alone disarms
 Her face of its superfluous charms;
 But adds, for every grace resign'd,
 A thousand to adorn her mind

Youth was her too inflaming time;
 This, her more habitable clime
 How must she then each heart engage,
 Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
 At once both ornament, and use
 Here opening blossoms we behold,
 There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

O N T H E B I R T H - D A Y
 O F M R R O B E R T T R E F U S I S ,

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

A WAKE, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
 That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
 Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
 He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

V A R I A T I O N S

WHY, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
 See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
 The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
 Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
 Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
 He marches forth, and strives to look like you

Fair

Fair beauty's bud¹ when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
 And yield not barren ornament, but use¹
 Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
 To crown thy riper growth, and manly years

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
 In miniature a little orchard lies,
 The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
 Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees;

Fair beauty's bud¹ when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph complain,
 For love each nymph, for envy every swain¹
 What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
 When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
 So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
 That all to thee with admiration run,
 Turn Persians, and adore the rising Sun.
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
 Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
 There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
 Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
 To shew their fatal power, and all their charms, in thine.
 If fond Narcissus in the crystal flood,
 A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
 Well might the flame the pining youth destroy,
 Excess of beauty justified the boy,

By

'By time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn'
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days!
Those fools admire—these heaven and angels praise!*

With riches blest, to heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend
Bid virtuous sorrow smile, scorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds
And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude
Yet, as some Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged stone,
So culture aids the human soul to rise,
To scorn the fordid earth, and mount the skies,
Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

Some,

Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
 And give unprais'd, because they give for show
 To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
 Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy
 Thus offerings from th' unjust pollute the skies,
 The good, turn smoke into a sacrifice

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
 The structures rise responsive to the thought,
 A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
 Or worthy of a God a temple stands
 Such is thy rising frame! by heaven design'd
 A temple, worthy of a godlike mind,
 Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
 A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy!
 Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy!
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, the God might boast to look like thee!
 When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
 Such were his smiles, and such his winning air
 Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son,
 Thence all the lightning of thy mother's fies,
 A Cupid, grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes!

Yet ah! how short a date the powers decree
 To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee!
 Pass a few days, and all those beauties fly!
 Pass a few years, and thou, alas! shalt die!
 Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
 With tears, what now thou art, and they must be;

A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore !
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more !

But oh ! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence !
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Requies thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise, cloath'd with beauties that shall never die !
A faint on earth ! an angel in the sky !

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,
WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring !
You, like Mezentius,* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead

THE FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF
ECCLESIASTICUS

A P A R A P H R A S E

THE sun, that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way

* " The living and the dead, at his command,
" Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand "

DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, ÆN. viii.

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his fultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day,
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O' Power supreme! O' high above all height!
Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise,
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, and year,
He drives the hours along with slower pace,
The minutes rush away impetuous in their race
He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth,
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incense loads the balmy gales,
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades,
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same!

Now in decrease by flow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds,
Now at increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and give a paler day,
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again,
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold
Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night,
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies

The Lord of Nature fram'd the showery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous storms a solemn gloom display,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky
High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales,
Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and tosses, whirls and foams
Mean time, from every region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly,
Dreadfully

Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And buists of thunder rend th' encumber'd air,
At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
Heaven lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky,
In culling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud,
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low,
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow,
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies

He from aerial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unfully'd snow in lucid showers,
Flake after flake, through air thick-waving flies,
Till one vast shining waste all nature lies
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead,
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain.
The stony tempest, with a rushing sound,
Beats the firm glebe, resulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy Winter from the frozen North
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And billows harden'd into crystal shine
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds -
Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole,
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering skies,
While gulphs below, and slippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye
But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial shower,
The genial shower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep
Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
And all the broad expansion flames with day
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky

They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey,

Familiar

Familiar with the storms, their sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind.
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
 Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale,
 There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
 Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide,
 There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
 And through the waves, a living island, roves,
 In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
 And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
 Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide,
 He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
 Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare,
 Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
 See'st and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen
 Should men and angels join in songs to raise
 A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
 Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
 Though men and angels in the song should join,
 For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
 Above the guess of man, or angel's thought,
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
 New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise,
 There other orbs, round other suns advance,
 Float on the air, and run their mystic dance,
 And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
 Can build another world from every sand
 And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
 Still this is just! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

TO Mr SOUTHERN's last Play, called MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
 Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
 And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
 Yet, like the sun, he shines as he descends
 Then with applause, in honour to his age,
 Dismiss your veteran soldier *off the stage,
 Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
 And kindly hide his †baldness with the bays.

T H E P A R T I N G,

A S O N G,

Set by Dr TUDWAY, Professor of Music in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
 The sad Amintor sigh'd,
 And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
 'The mournful shepherd cry'd

" Move slow, ye hours! thou, time, delay!

" Prolong the bright Belinda's stay

" But you, like her, my prayer deny,

" And cruelly away ye fly

* From the stage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman senate, by which they
 decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

" Yet

- " Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
 " Her lovely image in my mind
 " O' fair Belinda, with me stay,
 " Or take thy image too away!

 " See! how the fields are gay around,
 " How painted flowers adorn the ground!
 " As if the fields, as well as I,
 " Were proud to please my fair-one's eye

 " But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
 " No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
 " 'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
 " And paradise is where you tread "

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
 To shine at court and play
 To lonely shades the youth repairs,
 To weep his life away.

O N A F L O W E R

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O' lovely offspring of the May,
 Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
 Such odours—not the orient boasts!
 Though Paradise adorn'd the coasts!
 O' sweeter than each flower that blooms,
 This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
 Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
 As might be incense for a God!

When

When Venus flood conceal'd from view,
 Her son, the latent *Goddeſs knew,
 Such ſweets breat i'd round ! and thus we know
 Our other Venus here below

But ſee ! my faireſt, ſee this flower,
 'Thiſ ſhort-liv'd beauty of an hour !—
 Such are thy charms !—yet Zephyrs bring
 'The flower to bloom again in ſpring
 But beauty, when it once declines,
 No more to warm the lover ſhines
 Alas ! inceſſant ſpeeds the day,
 When thou ſhalt be but common clay !
 When I, who now adore, may ſee,
 And ev'n with horror ſtart from Thee !

But ere, ſweet gift, thy grace conſumes,
 Show thou my fair-one how ſhe blooms !
 Put forth thy charms —and then declare
 Thyſelf leſs ſweet, thyſelf leſs fair !
 Then ſudden, by a ſwift decay,
 Let all thy beauties fade away,
 And let her in thy glaſs deſcry,
 How youth, and how frail beauty die.

Ah ! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes !
 See ! how at once it fades, it dies !

*Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravêre,*

VIRG

While

While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
 Unfaded, as before it grew!
 Now, from thy bosom doom'd to fray,
 'Tis only beauteous in decay
 So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
 Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
 Sicken, and die away in ours.
 So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
 In Paradise would only grow.

}

Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
 The flower so suddenly decay!
 Too cold thy breast! *nor can it grow
 Between such little hills of snow

I now, vain infidel, no more
 Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
 The rising herb, and blooming flower,
 Now, now their convert I will be,
 O lovely flower! to worship thee

}

But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
 Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
 Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
 A †lover once, art now a flower,
 O pity me, O weep my care,
 A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
 I love, I die through deep despair!

}

V A R I A T I O N.

* ——— how could it grow.

† See Ovid's Metamorph

THE STORY OF TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius V 1629.

* Ημῶ δ' ἡέλιος μινέδου, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
 Αὔλιος, &c

THE evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
 His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
 Stretch'd at his ease, the weary labourer shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares,
 At once in silence sink the sleeping gales,
 The mast *they drop, and furl the flagging sails,
 All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
 Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores.
 Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
 The queen of isles, but Crete they view in vain,
 There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
 Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay
 A giant, sprung from giant-race, who took
 Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak,
 Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant given
 To †legislators, styl'd the sons of heaven
 To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
 The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores
 A form of living brass! one part beneath
 Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
 Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
 Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

* Argonauts

† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

And

And now her magic spells * Medea tries,
 Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus rise,
 That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
 Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes, invade;
 Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
 Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air,
 Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
 And looks destruction as she points her eye -
 Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers,
 Howl round in a r, or grin along the shores,
 While, †tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
 Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes -
 But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
 Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground.
 As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
 Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood,
 And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,
 He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies
 As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
 Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
 A while it totters with alternate sway,
 Till freshening breezes through the branches play,
 Then, tumbling downward with a thundering sound,
 Falls headlong, and o'erspreads a breadth of ground
 So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
 Out-stretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores

* V 1665.

† V. 1679

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of
HOMER

In the Style of MILTON

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
To Gods and men down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove fends Discord, red with blood,
War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war,
On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
The centre of the host, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice her dreadful voice she rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes Achilles heard,
'And Ajax heard the sound with martial fires
Now every bosom burns, arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand, the noble Orthian song
Swells every heart, no coward thoughts of flight
Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war.

Now by the * trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud steeds, now car by car displays
A direful front, now o'er the trembling field
Rushes th' embattled foot, noise rends the skies,
Noise unextinguish'd ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry the rushing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.

Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts ;
 Hoarse muttering thunders grumble in the sky ;
 While from the clouds, instead of morning-dews,
 Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground,
 Fatal presage ! that in that dreadful day
 The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low !

Mean time the bands of Troy in proud array
 Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
 Breathe furious war. Here gathering hosts attend
 The towering Hector there refulgent bands
 Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
 Marshals his dauntless files, nor unemploy'd
 Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
 And Acamas, whose frame the Gods endow'd
 With more than mortal charms. fierce in the van
 Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield.
 As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires
 Flames in the front of heaven, then, lost in clouds,
 Veils his pernicious beams, from rank to rank
 So Hector strode; now dreadful in the van
 Advanc'd his sun-broad shield, now to the rear
 Swift rushing disappear'd His radiant arms
 Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dare bolts
 Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers in some spacious field,
 Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank
 Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
 Waves nodding to the breeze, at once they bend,
 At once the copious harvest swells the ground.
 So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field

Hoff

Host against host, they meet, they close, and ranks
Tumble on ranks, no thoughts appear of flight,
None of dismay dubious in even scales
The battle hangs, not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Dispute the prey, the deathful scene with joy
Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant of th' immortal train
Discord alone descends, assists alone
The horrors of the field, in peace the Gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the works of man, but loud complaints
From every God arose, Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he fate
Enthron'd in glory down to earth he turn'd
His steadfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
The rising towers of Troy, the tented shores,
The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain

While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the steep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous storms the shafts from host to host
Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell
Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
Flames in the zenith, and his sinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
Craves due repast—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd fierce from the van
Sprung

Sprung the stern * king of men, and breathing death
 Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
 Embod'ed stood, pursued his dreadful way.
 His host his step attends now glows the war;
 Horse treads on horse, and man, encountering man,
 Swells the dire field with death the plunging steeds
 Beat the firm glebes, thick dust in rising clouds
 Darkens the sky Indignant o'er the plain
 Atrides stalks, death every step attends
 As when, in some huge forest, sudden flames
 Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
 From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
 And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
 Beneath the burning deluge, so whole hosts
 Yield to Atrides' arm car against car
 Rush'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
 Unguided broke, while breathless on the ground
 Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd,
 To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
 Now only grateful to the fowls of air
 Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
 Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts,
 In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood
 Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
 Leads his bold bands. whole hosts before him fly;
 Now Ilus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
 Close by the fig-tree shade with shouts the king

* Agamemnon, v 148.

Pursues the foe incessant dust and blood,
 Blood mix'd with dust, distains his murderous hands.

As when a lion in the gloom of night
 Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
 Trembling they scatter, furious on the prey
 The generous savage flies, and with fierce joy
 Seizes the last, his hungry foaming jaws
 Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey.
 Thus fled the foe, Atreides thus pursued,
 And still the hindmost flew they from their cars
 Fell headlong, for his javelin, wild for blood,
 Rag'd terribly and now proud Troy had fall'n,
 But the dread Sire of men and Gods descends
 Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
 Ten thousand thunders grasps on Ida's heights
 He takes his stand, it shakes with all its groves
 Beneath the God, the God suspends the war

TO MRS ELIZ M———T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716

O' Wondrous art, that grace to shadows gives!
 By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
 Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instills
 A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
 Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
 And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
 Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years,
 By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
 And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
 Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
 Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die
 How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
 The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!

O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
 Transmit thy excellence to latest days,
 Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
 A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
 Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall save
 That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave

Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms decay,
 When all her fading beauties die away;
 A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
 With equal fragrance, and with equal grace

But ah! how short a date on earth is given
 To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
 Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
 And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
 While, thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
 What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
 Ev'n from the canvass shall thy image fade,
 And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade:
 Then may this verse to future ages show
 One perfect beauty——such's as thou art now!
 May it the graces of thy soul display,
 Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay;

When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies

P R O L O G U E

To Mr FENTON's excellent Tragedy, MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mouldering waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay,
The Muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
Or wakes the prosperous villain into shame,
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the restless monarch of an hour
Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
A name ! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on a throne
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's feat,
A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state !
But such the curse that from ambition springs,
For thus he slaughter'd half a race of kings.
But now, reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien,
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess
From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
We see the tyrant in the lover lost
O ! Love, thou source of mighty joy or woe !
Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe !

Fantastic

Fantastic power! * what rage thy darts inspire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
'Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!
No fancy'd tale! our opening scenes disclose
Historic truth, and swell with real woes
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears,
By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at best but lovely vice.
Charms it like Venus with celestial air[†]
Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair,
But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

† Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
Beauty and virtue your protection claim,
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

V A R I A T I O N S.

* What pangs, &c.

† Then let her fate your just attention raise,
Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

TO MR A. POPE,
WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

IF e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings,
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings
You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And cloath it with the lustre of the day

}
}
}

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught,
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the faint began,
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass,
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew,
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
you,

Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain,
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud;

But

But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay *

Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness, and Parnassus' height,
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present God.

So the Cumæan prophets was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come,

A D D I T I O N

* To nobler themes thy Muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or design'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels sing
Ah! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way!
Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause!
Pleased I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower.
Nor dares the Muse attempt an arduous height, &c.

}

But when Apollo in her breast abode,
 She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing God:
 Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
 And what the God inspir'd, the priests spoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord CORNWALLIS

WHILE past its noon the lamp of life declines,
 And age my vital flame invades,
 Faint, and more faint, as it descends, it shines,
 And hastes, alas! to set in shades.

Then some kind power shall guide my ghost to glades,
 Where, seated by Elysian springs,
 Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
 His lyre, and Albion's glory sings.

There round, majestic shades, and heroes' forms,
 Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
 Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious storms,
 And curbs the murmuring rebel tides

I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
 That leads the great to deathless fame,
 And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
 While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
 The steadfast arbiters of right
 Exalt the just and good, to guard her laws,
 And call forth merit into light.

A loud

A loud applause around the echoing coast
 Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies —
 But, friend, what place had you, replies some ghost,
 When merit was the way to rise?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?
 Good heavens! unable to reply,
 How like a stupid ideot I should stare!
 An answer, good my lord, supply

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
 And loves to hear the storm of anger rise;
 Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
 Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with uncontested sway,
 Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
 Beholds adoring crowds obey,
 And heroes proud to wear her chains
 Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
 Busy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
 Attends each flatterer's vows;
 And, like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows.

O! may

O' may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools!

Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into shame,
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
O' fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worship apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

Being a Letter to the WIDOW in LONDON

WHILE Deba shines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her sprightly eye at some beau,
Then, close behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the sticks whole crowds admiring
You sip your melancholy co-ffy
And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
Or, when the noisy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
Unseen! though peer on peer approaches
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches
As some young pleader, when his purse is
Unfill'd, through want of controversies,
Attends, untill the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' assizes, Westminster, and Guildhall,
While graver lawyers keep their house, and
Collect the guineas by the thousand

Or

Or as some tradefmen, through show-glaffes,
 Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes,
 Toys of no uſe ! high-priz'd commodities
 Bought to no end ! eſtates in oddities !
 Others, with like advantage, drive at
 Their gain, from ſtore-houſes in private :
 Thus Deha ſhines in places general,
 Is never miſſing where the men are all,
 Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
 To meet good company at prayers,
 Where ſhe devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.
 You ſit at home, enjoy your *couiſin,
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen -
 Oh ! born above your ſex to riſe,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wiſe !

O ! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair, or country market,
 A beau, whoſe eloquence might charm ye,
 Enliſting ſoldiers for the army ?
 He flatters every well-built youth,
 And tells him every thing but—truth
 He cries, Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
 Your company, you 'll make a captain !
 He liſts—but finds theſe gaudy ſhows
 Soon chang'd to ſurly looks, and blows -
 'Tis now, March, rafcal ! what, d' ye grumble ?
 Thwack goes the cane ! I 'll make you humble.

* Mrs. S——th.

Such weddings are and I resemble 'em,
 Almost in all points to this emblem.
 While courtship lasts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
 The sweetest creature sure since Adam!
 Had I the years of a Methusalem,
 How in my charmer's praise I 'd use all 'em!
 Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
 I doat, adore the very shoe-tye!
 They wed—but, fancy grown less warming,
 Next morn, he thinks the bride less charming
 He says, nay swears, My wife grows old in
 One single month, then falls to scolding,
 What, madam, gadding every day!
 Up to your room! there stich, or pray!
 Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
 These truths, you 'll wed, and scorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

“ Calentem

“ Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam

“ Vatis amici ”

HOR

AS when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly Guest,
 Awhile we view him in full glory drest,
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way,

So

So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere

Yet had'st thou all that virtue can bestow,
All, the good practise, and the learned know,
Such holy rapture, as not warms but fires,
While the soul seems retiring, or retires,
Such transports as those saints in vision share,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air, }
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer

Oh! early lost! yet stedfast to survey
Envy, disease, and death, without dismay,
Serene, the sting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a smile
So the fam'd Patriarch, on his couch of stone,
Enjoy'd bright visions from th' eternal throne

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
please,

Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace.
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores

Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble, yet learn'd, though innocent, yet gay
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great,

* The gout.

Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
 Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings,
 Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
 A painted ribband, or a glittering stone,
 Uselessly bought! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
 To nobler objects, such as angels praise!
 To live, to mortals' empty fame, a foe,
 And pity human joy, and human woe!
 To view ev'n splendid vice with generous hate;
 In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
 Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
 Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day.
 So from the setting orb of Phoebus fly
 Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship find
 Among the treacherous race of base mankind?
 Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
 Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise!
 O! friend! O! falling in thy strength of years,
 Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
 O! woods! O! wilds! O! every bowery shade!
 So often vocal by his music made,
 Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
 And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn!—
 Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
 To heaven, and left vain man for Saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
 A thousand wonders glorious to behold,
 And here, or there, as the machine extends,
 A hero rises, or a God descends.

But

But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the God, or hero dies

Where were ye, Muses, by what fountain side,
What river sporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods,
Nor deign'd but to high * themes to tune the string,
To such as heaven might hear, and angels sing,
Unlike those bards, who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and salutary juice
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay ! at once it charms, and heals

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great, in show;
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe,
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears !
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve !
As some fond fire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious showers ;

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
 Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
 Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
 Sighs are but air, but common water, tears
 The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show
 Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
 With imitated life, an image stands,
 From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
 The mimic tears in streams incessant rise.
 Unconscious! while aloft the waters flow,
 The gazers' wonder, and a public show

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent visits tell;
 Thou court, where God himself delights to dwell,
 Thou mystic table, and thou holy feast,
 How often have ye seen the sacred guest!
 How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed!
 His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead!
 While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
 As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the skies!
 But where, now where, without the body's aid,
 New to the heavens, subsists thy gentle shade?
 Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
 Pleas'd high o'er stars, from world to world, to fly!
 And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
 While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
 Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
 Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
 Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
 Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,

Where

Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
 Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death?
 O' may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
 O' may he imitate, as well as praise!
 Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
 Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
 And ask the certain way to rise as high

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ

I Prefix your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it, however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these verses on Death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship, and my gratitude, when I am no more

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH

Τὴς οὐδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐν κατθανῷ,
 Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν,

EURIP.

OH! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulph of death to endless day!
 A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!

See! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns, she kills
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er shrouds, and fable palls, and mouldering urns,
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons spread
An idle pomp around the silent dead
Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings.
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow
The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves
Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky
The ground perverse, though bare and barren, breeds
All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds,
But, blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deploras
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Disease walk hand in hand
These, Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
 Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blasphemes.
 There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
 Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands
 There Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
 And Care still tosses on his iron bed
 Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
 With folded arms, with every breath, a sigh
 Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood,
 And Murder rages, red with human blood,
 With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
 Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train !
 These, and a thousand more, the fiend surround,
 Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound
 O ! heavens ! is this the passage to the skies
 That man must tread, when man your favourite dies ?
 Oh ! for Elijah's car to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulph of death to endless day !

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
 My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead !
 I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
 And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun

When, lo ! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
 Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air,
 And, swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
 At once seems nere and there, in earth and heaven !
 A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams
 Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams
 His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
 And from his eyes dart glories, more than day

A robe, of light condens'd, around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone
And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,
'Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe'

Vain man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
Heroes, and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
Ev'n Saints and Prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly?
Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end,
Live well, the time thou liv'st, and death's thy friend.
Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign'd, O! Man ordain'd to die!

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive!
'To die, is but the surest way to live
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long,
'The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!

What

What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay?
 A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
 A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade!
 A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
 A stream, that silently but swiftly glides
 To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!
 A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
 A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
 Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
 Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
 Ev'n while I write, the transient now is past,
 And death more near, thus sentence than the last!
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
 Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
 Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears
 Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the past;
 To time, to sickness, and to death, a prey,
 It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
 Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour,
 Proud of his spacious walls, and stately rooms,
 He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,
 The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,
 Till some wind rising puffs the dome away
 So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
 The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show,
 He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise!
 The noble plan he finishes, and——dies

Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate,
His sole distinction now, to rot in state!
Thus busy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death.

Then blest the man whom gracious heaven has led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who, safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O! Death, thou cure of all our idle strife!
End of the gay, or serious farce of life!
Wish of the just, and refuge of th' oppress'd!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful
hate!

And the rude insults of the scornful great!
The grave is sacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead
But, life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal!—into life we die!
Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanse of air,
Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day

So, when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendors in the whelming main,

A transient

A tranſient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
 Eclips'd in horrors of ſurrounding ſhades,
 But ſoon, emerging with a freſher ray,
 He ſtarts exultant, and renews the day.

C O U R A G E I N L O V E.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
 My boſom heaves with conſtant woe,
 Thoſe eyes, which thy unkindneſs ſwells,
 That boſom, where thy image dwells !

How could I hope ſo weak a flame
 Could ever warm that matchleſs dame,
 When none Elyſium muſt behold,
 Without a radiant bough of gold ?
 'Tis hers, in ſpheres to ſhine,
 At diſtance to admire, is mine
 Doom'd, like th' enamour'd * youth, to groan
 For a new goddeſs form'd of ſtone

While thus I ſpoke, Love's gentle power
 Deſcended from th' ethereal bower,
 A quiver a his ſhoulder hung,
 A ſhaft he gras'd, and bow unſtrung
 All nature own'd the genial God,
 And the ſpring flouriſh'd where he trod
 My heart, no ſtranger to the gueſt,
 Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breaſt;

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ſtatue

When, with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the Gods, began the boy
How vain these tears ! is man decreed,
By being abject, to succeed ?
Hop'ft thou by meagre looks to move ?
Are women frighten'd into love ?
He most prevails, who nobly dares,
In love an hero, as in wars
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars disputes the field
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart.
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A sigh is but a waste of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boasts, adorn her face,
Yet Goddesses have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed
And heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
Accepts it, though it cloud their skies
Mark ! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her bosom veils,
How from the dull embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams arise
But when his glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her leaves.

T H E C O M P L A I N T;
CÆLIA TO DAMON

I WHO was once the glory of the plam,
 The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
 Am now (by thee, O' faithless man, betray'd!)
 A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid
 Ye winds, that witness to my deep despair,
 Receive my sighs, and waft them through the air,
 And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
 Curst, ever curst be that unlucky day,
 When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay,
 I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
 Why was he form'd, ye powers, his sex's pride,
 Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd?
 Ye heedless virgins, gaze not on his eyes,
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies!
 Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he says;
 Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
 At every word, each motion of his eye,
 A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die
 Say, gentle youths, ye blest Arcadian swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful plains,
 Say, by what fountain, in what rosy bower,
 Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
 To you, dear fugitive, where'er you stray,
 Wild with despair, impatient of delay,

Swift

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh!
I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears,
Fearless I'd pass where desolation reigns,
Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the skies!
Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
Oppose the passage of a tender maid,
Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds
Through all the monsters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew
By love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly,
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Where through the freezing skies in storms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with shining showers,
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breast,
Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray,
Where rising Phœbus ashers-in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou sun, exert thy fires,
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inspires
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's streams in soft mæanders flows,
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's streams in soft mæanders play

Joy of my soul! my every wish in one!
 Why must I love, when loving I 'm undone?
 Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees,
 And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
 Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bowers
 When glowing suns infect the sultry hours
 But not the vapours of the waving trees,
 Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze,
 Not sweet 'oft slumbers in the shady bowers,
 When thou art absent whom my soul adores!
 Come, let us seek some flowery, fragrant bed!
 Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head!
 Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
 Or softly slumber by the murmuring rills!
 Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
 Whose beauty steals my very self from me!

Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
 To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair
 When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
 Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak praise:
 And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd,
 Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd?
 And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swans speak truth!—though dim'd for thee with tears!
 But fade each grace! since he no longer sees
 Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please!

But whence these sudden, sad presaging fears,
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears?
 Ah! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms!

Ah!

Ah! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear?
 Desist, fond youth! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the plain!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the pleasurable woods,
 The painted meadows, and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes
 There shady bowers and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies
 Flowers to delight the smell, or charm the eyes
 But mourn, ye sylvan scenes and shady bowers,
 Weep, all ye fountains, languish, all ye flowers!
 If in a desert Damon but appear,
 To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
 Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
 Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles
 He boasts! and, oh! those dear undoing smiles!
 Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run
 To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
 Alas! I rave! ye swelling torrents, roll
 Your watery tribute o'er my love-sick soul!
 To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
 Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
 But ah! what sudden thought to frenzy moves
 My tortur'd soul!—perhaps, my Damon loves!
 Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
 Blast her, ye skies! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please!

Damon

Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears subdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! heaven! from jealousy my bosom save!
Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curst
Our sex, sure man, dissembling man, is worst!
Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away
With specious wiles weak woman he assails;
He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails
Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjurd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves
How oft my Damon swore, th' all-seeing sun
Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove
To the bright object of his steadfast love!
O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
Damon is false! ye rivers, backward run!

But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
And life a load!—forsaken Cælia, die!
Fly swifter, time! O! speed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!—then I shall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, so sad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I 'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vast price of but a single tear

Forlorn,

Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief the scarce my sighs returns!
Then, sighs, adieu! ye nobler passions, rise!
Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almost hate!—then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, spare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the sultry fens at noon-tide hours
He seeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise!
Gently, O gently round in whispers fly,
Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be still, ye waves, or round his vessel play!
And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death!
But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flaggmg sails.

T R A N S L A T I O N S

F R O M

H E S I O D

A N D

A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S.

“ — Vos exemplaria Græca

“ Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diuinâ.” HOR.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of HÆSIOD, with a Description
of Tartarus, &c.

— μάχην δ' ἀμέγαλτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Oeory 666

NOW sounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embattling rush to arms.
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies,
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the Gods in fight
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars,
The dreadful brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands
The Titans rush'd with fury uncontrol'd,
Gods sunk on Gods, o'er giant giant roll'd,
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every stroke,
And frighted hell from its foundations shook
Noise, horrid noise, th' aerial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills,

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours rise,
And shouts of battle thunder in the skies
Then Jove omnipotent display'd the God,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand,
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play,
They flash, and rend through heaven their flaming way
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The fang'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves,
The floods, the billows, boiling his with fires,
And bickering flame, and smouldering smoke aspires
A night of clouds blots out the golden day,
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play
Ev'n chaos burns again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its shining towers,
Or burst this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire disruption from her deepest base
Nor slept the wind the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before th' outrageous storms,
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might,
What less, when Gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And slow and four recede the giant powers
Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves,

These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands
 Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands.
 And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
 With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
 Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
 Through space unmeasur'd, from the starry sky;
 Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
 Down rushing headlong from th' aerial height,
 Scarce reaches earth, thence tost in giddy rounds
 Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds
 A wall of iron of stupendous height
 Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night
 High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade
 The steadfast base of earth and seas is laid,
 There in coercive durance Jove detains
 The groaning Titans in afflictive chains
 A seat of woe ! remote from chearful day,
 Through gulphs impassable, a boundless way
 Above these realms, a brazen structure stands
 With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands,
 Through chaos to the ocean's base it swells,
 There stern Ægeon with his giants dwells,
 Fierce guards of Jove ! from hence the fountains rise
 That wash the earth, or wander through the skies,
 That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
 Or feed the channels where the ocean flows,
 Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
 Horrid and fell ! detested ev'n by Gods !
 Enormous gulph ! immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void, the journey of a year

Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toss the pale wanderer, and retoss through night
The powers immortal with affright survey
The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day

Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres
Here sable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway
A brazen port the varying powers divides
When Day forth issues, here the Night resides,
And when Night veils the skies, obsequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the starry way
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in shades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades
From * her foul womb they sprung, rifleless powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from Day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills
With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides,
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares,
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers detest her sway

Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove,

* Of night.

† 820.

Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
 And shook through all her frame with teeming throes.
 Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
 A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth,
 A match for Gods in might! on high he spreads
 From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
 And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
 Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings,
 Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
 And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow,
 Fires dart from every crest, and, as he turns,
 Keen splendors flash, and all the giant burns
 Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
 An hundred voices, and affright the skies,
 Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
 Frequent they shake, and terrify the Gods
 Now bellowing like a savage bull, they roar,
 Or angry lions in the midnight hour,
 Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes,
 The rocks rebound, and every mountain shakes
 He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal powers,
 And heaven had seiz'd with all its shining towers,
 But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
 Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll,
 Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
 Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies
 Stern frowns the God amidst the lightnings blaze,
 Olympus shakes from his eternal base,
 Trembles the earth fierce flame involves the poles,
 Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls

Fires from Typhoeus flash with dreadful sound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the seas kindled burn through all their shores,
Deluge of fire ! Earth rocks her tottering coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts,
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burst at once the skies,
And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blasts the giant with th' almighty blow,
The giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
Through the sing'd earth they burst their burning way,
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames,
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air
But from the Gods descend of milder kind,
The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind,
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or sport upon the seas;

They

They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
 And waft from realm to realm the flying sails
 The rest in forms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
 Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky,
 Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores
 Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their way,
 Grass, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay,
 While towers, and domes, vain boasts of human trust,
 Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust.

Thus heaven asserted its eternal reign
 O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train,
 And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
 And all the thrones of heaven adore his sway

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA

From the Third Book, Verse 743, of Apollonius
Rhodius

Nû μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγειν κλέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject, yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting, and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a Poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime, by no less a critic than Longinus, and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a Poet as Virgil

NOW rising shades a solemn gloom display,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way.
All night the sailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam.
A deep repose the weary wanderer shares,
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares,
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes,

No found of village-dog, no noise invades
The death-like silence of the midnight shades -
Alone Medea wakes To love a prey,
Restless she rolls, and groans the night away
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears.
In sad review, on horrors horrors rise,
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she flies.
As from replenish'd urns, with dubious ray,
The sun-beams dancing from the surface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls,
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her shining eyes descends a flood
Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
Now sick with love she melts with softer woes.
The tyrant God, of every thought possessor,
Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast -
Now she resolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey.
Again, the drugs disdaining to supply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die.
Anon, repelling with a brave disdain
The coward thought, she nourishes the pain
Thus tost, retost with furious storms of cares,
On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:
Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on sorrows sorrows rise!
Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire

O had this spirit from its prison fled,
 By Dian sent to wander with the dead,
 Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies,
 Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes!
 Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,
 Medea saw him, and Medea's lost——
 But why these sorrows? if the powers on high
 His death decree, die, wretched Jason, die!
 Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
 Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away!
 But could I yield——O whither must I run
 To find the man——whom virtue bids me shun?
 Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
 And yet I must——If Jason bleeds, I die!
 Then, shame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
 Hail, black disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
 Live! Jason, live! enjoy the vital air!
 Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear!
 But when he flies, ye poisons, lend your powers,
 That day, Medea treads th' infernal shores!
 Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endless shame,
 Then the proud dames of Colchos blast thy name
 I hear them cry——' The false Medea's dead,
 ' Through guilty passion for a stranger's bed;
 ' Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
 ' Preferr'd a stranger to a father's name!
 O may I rather yield this vital breath,
 Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!
 Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy
 Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy,

A maga-

A magazine of death¹ again she pours
From her swollen eye-balls tears in shining showers;
With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortless the cask of death expands.
A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades.
She stands deep-musing with a faded brow,
Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
Endearing life, and charm despair away
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
And every object brightens to her eyes
Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes,
Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day.
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels.
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares
Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious showers.
Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe unfold,

Down

Down from her swelling loins, the rest unbound
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground
 Last, with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads
 Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
 Join to the car the mules dire rites to pay,
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way,
 A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames
 (Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames,
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight,
 It mocks the sword the sword without a wound,
 Leaps as from marble, shiver'd to the ground
 She mounts the car,* nor rode the nymph alone;
 On either side two lovely damsels shone
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls,
 Back fly the streets, as swift the chariot rolls
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain
 As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
 In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows,
 Swift to her fane in pomp the goddess moves,
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,

Th' Amnesian fount, or silver-streaming rills;
 Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or, trembling, savage adoration pay
 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
 The crowd falls back, and as she moves revere;
 Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends,
 The fane she reaches, and to earth descends
 Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we stray,
 Misled by folly to this lonely way!
 Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
 Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
 No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
 Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain.
 But since alone,—with sports beguile the hours,
 Come chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming flowers, }
 Pluck every sweet, to deck your virgin bowers!
 Then warbling soft,* she lifts her heavenly voice;
 But sick with mighty love, the song is noise,
 She hears from every note a discord rise,
 Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies,
 She hates each object, every face offends,
 In every wish, her soul to Jason sends,
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
 To find the object whom her soul adores
 At every whisper of the passing air,
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there.
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
 He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.

As when, emerging from the watery way,
 Refulgent *Sunius* lifts his golden ray,
 He shines terrific ! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
 Such to the nymph approaching *Jafon* shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes,
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead,
 No more her knees their wonted office knew,
 Fix'd, without motion, as to earth she grew
 Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder, and in still amaze
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
 Pride of the groves ! with roots adjoining grow,
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' *Æolian* caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound;
 Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move
 With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus address the blooming maid
 Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear,
 'Tis *Jafon* speaks, no enemy is here !
 Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind,
 But *Jafon* bears no proud, inhuman mind,
 By gentlest manners, softest arts refin'd.
 Whom wouldst thou fly ? Stay, lovely virgin, stay !
 Speak every thought ! far hence be fears away !

Speak !

Speak ! and be truth in every accent found !
Dread to deceive ! we tread on * hallow'd ground.
By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
By the illustrious authors of thy race,
By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs ;
O guard me, save me, in the needful hour !
Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more,
To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend !
Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
Medea's name shall sound in distant skies,
All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes fates,
And bless Medea through her hundred states
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
Shall stay their tears, the mother, and the wife,
Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life !
Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
Forsook her father, and her native plain,
And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main,
Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
The maid, whose only crime it was to save
Ev'n the just Gods forgave and now on high
A star she shines, and beautifies the sky
What blessings then shall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee !
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, so soft an air,
And cruelty sure never look'd so fair !

* Temple of Hecate.

He ceas'd, but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that listening still she seem'd to hear
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And heaven in smiles is open'd in her face
 A glance she steals, but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head.
 A thousand words at once to speak she tries,
 In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes.
 Trembling, the shining casket she expands,
 Then gives the magic virtue to his hands,
 And had the power been granted to convey
 Her heart—had given her very heart away

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab 1709.

ECQUID absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
 Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!

Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes

Chare, Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!

Ut rosâ dulci, violisque terram

Flora depungit, Zephyrusque blandis

Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis

Terga conscendas eques * ingementis,

Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris

Detinet Ulnis?

* Obeso fuit corpore.

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—

Sive * Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam

Phylliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam

Pulchra, Lycoris

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo

Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,

Et tibi frustrà ad speculum comarum

Circinat orbes†

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,

Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,

De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem

Undique nubem

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum

Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,

Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam

Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!

Ite vos laurus fanie rubentes!

Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas

Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas

Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores

Giatizæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,

Aspera Virgo!

* Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

† Juxtà Aldenardum.

Barbaro tandèm satiata ludo,
 Ægidem ponas, gladiumque, castam
 Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
 Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camcenæ?
 Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
 Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
 Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oculo
 Torruit pectus!—neque tu furoris
 Infcius blandi! tibi sævit imis
 Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
 Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustus
 Est tibi, præfens relevare duro
 Pectora luctu

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
 Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
 Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ
 Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
 Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
 Cui jocus, quocum Venus & Cupido
 Spicula tingunt,

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
 Virginis —plenum video!—ah! caveto
 Dextra nè quasset malè, dum laborat
 Pondere dulci!

* *Anglicè bottled ale.*

Euge! ficcâsti benè, fortiterque! —

Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves

Hinc tibi fomni, & tibi suaviora

Somnia fomnis!

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidetis

Italæ, quamvis cyathi Falerno

Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ

Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannenfi latitans fuit

Grunnio, scribens sitiente labro,

Aut graves haustus, nimica Musis

Pocula, duco.

S I X T E E N O D E S *
OF
A N A C R E O N.

O D E X V . H A P P Y L I F E .

THE wealth of Gyges I despise,
Gems are useless glittering toys,
Gold I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow!
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hour serenely shines,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines.
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taste no more the cup of joy

* First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and afterwards inserted in the translations of Anacreon, published by Mr. Fawkes,

ODE XVI. The Power of BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
 In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
 I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
 My own captivity and chains!
 No navy, rang'd in proud array,
 No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
 My peace alarm! Far other foes,
 Far other hosts, create my woes—
 Strange, dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
 In every bright love-darting eye!
 Such as destroy, when beauty arms
 To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX To his MISTRESS

THE Gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
 And steal them from themselves away
 Transform'd by their almighty hands,
 Sad Niobe an image stands,
 And Philomel, up-born on wings
 Through air, her mournful story sings
 Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
 The happy change I wish, allow,
 The envy'd mirror I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And could my naked heart appear,
 Thou 'dst see thyself—for thou art there!

O' were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast!
 Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
 Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm those little hills of snow,
 Thy ointment, in such fragrant streams
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs,
 Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck,
 And close embrace thy graceful neck
 A very sandal I would be
 To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
 Steals me from myself away,
 And every step of life I tread,
 I speed to mingle with the dead
 How many years are past, my friends,
 I know, and there my knowledge ends
 How many years are still in store,
 I neither can, nor would explore
 Then, since the hours incessant fly,
 They all shall find me crown'd with joy
 To those, my cares I here bequeath,
 Who meanly die for fear of death,
 And daily with assiduous strife
 Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
 Then, Care, begone! I'd dance and play,
 Hence, with thy serious face away!

I'll laugh; and whilst gay wine inflames,
 I'll court the laughter-loving dames,
 And study to resign my breath
 In extasy, and smile in death.

ODE XXV IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
 Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
 Then Care retires, ashamed to show
 His downcast eye, and faded brow.
 I banish business to the great,
 To all that curse, yet covet state.

Death hastes amain then who would run
 To meet what most he strives to shun?
 Or antedate the dreadful day
 By cares, and aid the fiend to slay?
 If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
 I'd weep, and bless the precious showers;
 But let our lot be joy or woe,
 Alike he speeds to strike the blow.

Then crown the bowl!—ye sorrows, fly
 To kill some wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI The pleasing FRENZY.

NOW bring, by all the powers divine,
 Bring me a bowl of rosy wine,
 A mighty bowl of wine I crave.
 When wine inspires, 'tis sweet to rave

In frantic rage Alcæon drew
 His falchion, and his *mother slew
 Orestes in a furious mood
 Raving shed his † mother's blood
 Dreadful, sober madmen, they'—
 None, harmless drunkard, none I slay
 The blood of grapes I only crave,
 I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave
 Alcides, frantic, grasp'd his bow,
 His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe
 Stern Ajax shook his glittering blade,
 And broad his sevenfold shield display'd.
 Dangerous madman' how he drew
 His sword, and hosts in fancy flew'
 I, peaceful I, no falchion wield,
 I bend no bow, I pouise no shield.
 The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
 My hand the powerful goblet bears,
 The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
 I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave,

O D E XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,
 I leave debates to learned fools,
 Who solemnly in form advise,
 At best, impertinently wise'
 To me more pleasing precepts give,
 And teach the science how to live,

* Eryphile.

† Clytæmnestra.

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought ;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.

Alas ! I 'm old ! I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas ! incessant speeds the day
When I must mix with common clay ,
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII The SPRING.

SEE, Winter 's past ! the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring,
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair
The raging seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day ;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air
Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
And gaily dance along the skies.

The clouds disperse, or if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers .

See, verdure cloaths the teeming earth '
 The olive struggles into birth
 The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
 And kindly promise future wine
 Blest juice ! already I in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught

ODE XLVIII GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
 Let the sound my breast inspire !
 But with no troublesome delight
 Of arms, and heroes slain in fight
 Let it play no conquests here,
 Or conquests only o'er the fair !
 Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
 The statutes of the God of Wine !
 He, legislator, statutes draws,
 And I, his judge, enforce his laws,
 And, faithful to the weighty trust,
 Compel his vot'ries to be just
 Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
 Till to the sprightly dance we rise,
 We frisk it with a lively bound,
 Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
 Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
 Rapturous songs that breathe of wine

ODE L The happy Effects of WINE.

SEE' fee the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears
With sparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes
Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair,
Instructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the sprightly dance
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines,
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!

Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady,
Our best physician all the year
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health——new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES; or the VINTAGE.

IO! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal fun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!

In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine 's by skilful drunkards made
Mean time the mirthful song they raise,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And, eying the blest juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught

Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey
Through wine, the youth completes his loves,
He haunts the silence of the groves.
Where, stretch'd beneath th' embowering shade,
He spies some love-inspiring maid
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows,
And cries, My love, my soul, comply
This instant, or, alas! I die.

In vain the youth persuasion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at least denies
Then scorning death through dull despair,
He storms th' unwilling willing fair,
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence

ODE LIII The Rose

COME, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay

Gently touch it, while I sing

The Rose, the glory of the spring

To heaven the Rose in fragrance flies,

The sweetest incense of the skies

Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours

Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,

The gaily-smiling Graces wear

A trophy in their flowing hair

'Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,

And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,

Their favourite Rose the Muses praise

To pluck the Rose, the virgin-train

With blood their pretty fingers stain,

Nor dread the pointed terrors round,

That threaten, and inflict a wound

See! how they wave the charming toy,

Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy!

The Rose the poets strive to praise,

And for it would exchange their bays;

O! ever to the sprightly feast

Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!

But chiefly when the goblet flows,

And Rosy wreaths adorn our brows!

Lovely smiling Rose, how sweet

The object where thy beauties meet!

Aurora with a blushing ray,
And Rosy fingers, spreads the day
The Graces more enchanting show
When Rosy blushes paint their snow,
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The Rose in Cytheræa's cheeks

When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves,
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead,
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime

Come, lyrists, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth!

When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head,
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This,' she cry'd, 'I thus ordain
'My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'

But first th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew,
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the Rose adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV. Grown Young.

WHEN sprightly youths my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay,
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs

Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am strong,
And dance, a youth among the young

Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Blest juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet, I sing!

How blest am I! who thus excell
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV The Mark.

THE stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

O D E LVI

A LAS! the powers of life decay!
 My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
 The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
 Is banish'd from my faded face!
 Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
 Himself half-dead before he dies

For this, and for the grave, I fear,
 And pour the never-ceasing tear!
 A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
 I soon must sicken, soon must die

For this the mournful groan I shed,
 I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
 What eye can steadfastly survey
 Death, and its dark tremendous way?
 For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
 All pale, all senseless in the urn!
 Never, ah! never to return

O D E LXIV To APOLLO.

O NCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
 I waken, and spontaneous sing
 No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
 That lifts ambition into fame
 My voice unbidden tunes the lay
 Some god impells, and I obey.

Listen, ye groves !—The Muse prepares
 A sacred song in Phrygian airs,
 Such as the swan expiring sings,
 Melodious by Cayster's springs,
 While listening winds in silence hear,
 And to the gods the music bear

Celestial Muse ! attend, and bring
 Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing
 To Phœbus and the Muse belong
 The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song
 Begin, begin the lofty strain !

How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain,
 How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
 And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
 With glorious pride his vows she hears;
 And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
 To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
 Her foliage to reward the brave

Ah ! how, on wings of love convey'd,
 He flew to clasp the panting maid !
 Now, now o'ertakes !—but heaven deceives
 His hope—he seizes only leaves

Why fires my raptur'd breast ? ah ! why,
 Ah ! whither strives my soul to fly ?
 I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
 Impulsive to some nobler song
 Let, let the wanton fancy play,
 But guide it, lest it devious stray

But oh ! in vain, my Muse denies
 Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes

Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.

I yield' adieu the lofty strain'
I am Anacreon once again
Again the melting song I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay
See! see! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd aurs!
And quaff, in lowery shades recln'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

C O N T E N T S

O F

B R O O M E ' S P O E M S.

T HE Preface	Page
Of Criticism.	137
Of partial Critics	138
Of envious and malicious Critics.	140
The Third Chapter of Habbakkuk paraphrased	ibid.
An Ode Written in 1710	145
To Belinda, on her Sickness and Recovery	150
To Belinda, on her Apron embroidered with Arms and Flowers	152
Part of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Chap- ters of Job A Paraphrase.	153
Melancholy An Ode, occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter 1723.	159
Daphnis and Lycidas A Pastoral	162
'The First Ode of Horace translated.	168
An Epistle to my Friend Mr Ehjah Fenton, Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy 1726	170
A Dialogue between a Lady and her Looking- Glass, while she had the Green-Sickness.	175
The Seat of War in Flanders, &c	177
X 2	To

	Page
To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Cornwallis, Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Chafes, Parks, and Warrens, on the South Side of Trent	186
The Rose-Bud To the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Wharton	189
Belinda at the Bath	190
The Coy An Ode	191
To the Honourable Mrs Elizabeth Townshend, afterwards Lady Cornwallis, on her Picture at Ramham	192
To Mr Pope, on his Works 1726	194
Part of the Tenth Book of the Iliads of Homer. In the Style of Milton	198
A Pastoral To a Young Lady, upon her leaving, and return to, the Country	214
Poverty and Poetry	218
To a Lady playing with a Snake	220
To a Lady of Thirty	221
On the Birth-day of Mr Robert Trefusis, when Three Years old,	222
To a Gentleman of Seventy, who married a Lady of Sixteen	226
The Forty-third Chapter of Ecclesiasticus A Paraphrase	ibid
The Conclusion of an Epilogue to Mr Southern's last Play, called Money the Mistress	232
The Parting A Song Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music in Cambridge,	ibid

On a Flower which Belinda gave me from her Bosom	233
The Story of Talus, from the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius V 1629	236
From the Eleventh Book of the Iliads of Homer. In the Style of Milton.	238
To Mrs. Eliz M——t, on her Picture 1716	242
Prologue to Mr Fenton's excellent Tragedy Mariamne	244
To Mr A Pope, who corrected my Verses	246
Monfieur Maynard imitated To the Right Honourable the Lord Cornwallis	248
On a Mischievous Woman.	249
The Coquette	ibid.
The Widow and Virgin Sisters, being a Letter to the Widow in London	250
On the Death of my dear Friend Mr Elijah Fenton 1730.	252
A Poem on Death. To Thomas Marriot, Esq	257
Courage in Love.	263
The Complaint Cælia to Damon	265
The Battle of the Gods and Titans, from the Theogony of Hesiod, with a Description of Tartarus, &c	273
The Love of Jason and Medea, from the Third Book, Verse 743, of Apollonius Rhodius	280
Epistola ad Amicum Rusticantem Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab 1709	289
Sixteen Odes of Anacreon	292—300